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Five O'Clock in the Morning.

It is all very well for the poets to tell
[illegible] of their song at evening,
Of [illegible] who rouse, to manipulate cows,
[illegible] o'clock in the morning.
[illegible] young mowers who handle out
[illegible] of their straw-beds soon [illegible]
[illegible] day to make love and hay,
[illegible] in the morning.
[illegible] and rose, it is all untrue—
[illegible] wool they utter;
To me milk[illegible] olive does the finger of dew
Bring beaux—or eve brings butter;
The cow, sleepy cows, if told to sprouts,
Would doze, perhaps, in a horn-ing;
And the sweet, country girls, would they show
Their curls
At five o'clock in the morning?

It may not be wrong for the man in the song—
Or the swain—if anxious to settle
To kneel in wet grass, and pop, but alas!
What if h popped down on a nettle?
For how could he see what was under his knee,
In spite of my friendly warning,
He went out of bed, and his house and his h ad,
At five o'clock in the morning?

It is all very well such stories to tell.
But if I was a maid all forlorning,
And a lover should drop in the c over to pop
At five o'clock in the morning;
If I liked him, you see, I'd say "Please call at three;"
If not, I'd dismiss him with scorning:
"Don't come here you flat with conundrums like that,
At five o'clock in the morning!"

A. Simile.

The tender li ht of a glad surprise,
Like a sunburst after an April rain,
Leapt into my darling's pensive eyes
As she turned to her happy toil again;
And over and under, and up an down,
Her white hands flitted along the seams,
As into the folds of her wedding-gown
She stitched her beautiful girlish dreams!

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROVIDENTIAL JUSTICE.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

The Bois de Boulogne is the modern pride of Paris, and it is to the French capital what Central Park is to New York; extending from the Triumphal Arch at the head of the Champs Elysees for a mile or more by a boulevard [illegible] hundred and fifty feet wide, into [illegible] a thick forest, abounding [illegible], and the resort of duelists and organized bands of robbers.—Almost [illegible] hundred millions of dollars have been expended in turning the entire region into a charming park, intersected by beautiful drives, waterfalls, fountains, grottos and flower beds, all of which form the favorite drive and promenade of the Parisians.

To create this beautiful and extensive park many of the houses which had stood here and there upon the grounds were necessarily torn down and destroyed, some of the mansions which [illegible] were of more pretentious buildings [illegible] of the bourgeois aspect, forming the homes of the middling class of people. Some, indeed, many, of these houses had their story or legend, well remembered by the neighborhood, and it is one of these which we propose to relate, as exhibiting a marked instance of providential justice.

The Bois de Boulogne was one of the crown domains under Louis Philippe, but in 1852 it was transferred to the municipality of Paris, on the condition that two millions of francs should be expended upon it at once, and that it should be henceforth maintained as a public park at the cost of the city. Then at once commenced the demolition of the buildings referred to, the laying out of broad and attractive thoroughfares, lakes, groves and the like. So that the date of the events we describe is scarcely more than twenty years since.

In that section of the present Bois de Boulogne nearest to the Champs Elysees, there stood an ancient stone structure which had evidently once been a very pretentious mansion, but which in later times had been reduced in size, and the walls and building generally had been adapted to the convenience of a modern residence. In effecting this a false wall had been erected on the east side of the building, so as to cover up the rough appearance produced by the removal of a portion of the former edifice on that side. This portion of the building of which we speak was the [illegible], and, with this exception, the [illegible] building presented a very neat [illegible] appearance.

[illegible] remembered that in 1840 this was occupied by a lady, known as Madame Brienville, and her daughter, a very beautiful girl of eighteen or twenty, and that the complement of the little household was made up by the addition of an elderly domestic, named Nanette. Little was known relating to Madame Brienville and her family; indeed, there seemed to be some mystery connected with them. She was understood to be a widow and to have come here to live from the neighborhood of Lyons, but she had no intimate acquaintances, nor any relations, as far as could be discovered.

The old servant was very reticent, and the gossips could get little or nothing from her concerning her mistress except that they had all come from the department of the Rhone. That the widow was possessed of ample pecuniary means was clear enough to her neighbors, for though there was nothing of an ostentatious character in her style of living, still every domestic necessity, and even luxury of a desirable character, were freely enjoyed by the household, except that they kept quite isolated and were satisfied with the services of old Nanette alone.

Madame Brienville and her beautiful daughter were often seen together [illegible] the shaded paths of the vicinity, walking arm in arm, on which occasion the observers did not fail to note the [illegible] and quiet, distinguished air which seemed to surround the widow, as readily as they did the extraordinary beauty of her daughter. Yet the charms of face and form which characterized Mademoiselle Loise were so marked as to be the theme of universal comment among the people of the neighborhood.

In vain were all the attempts of the interviewers of old Nanette, when she daily went with her basket upon her arm to the nearest market. These curious ones were gratified only by a repetition of the old story, over and over again, until they gave up in absolute despair. They had all come from the department of the Rhone; Madame was a widow. That was the sum total of the information which old Nanette could or would communicate.

The natural conclusion was that good and substantial reasons must exist for such reticence, and this acted as a spur to the inquisitive people, to whom any mystery was a delight. None would have presumed to force their presence upon the distant and dignified Madame Brienville herself. Her neighbors were of too humble a class to call upon the widow in a social way. And so matters stood up to the spring of 1840, when Nanette, by chance, let out the fact that the family were about to go to the town of Dieppe, on the coast, for the summer, in hopes it might improve madame's health.

"Is Madame Brienville ill?" asked one.

"She is delicate in health," answered Nanette.

"Why does she not call in Doctor Fouchet?"

"Oh, she is not ill in the way to require medicine. A little change of climate and scene for a few months will make madame all right again," answered the servant.

"And when do you go to Dieppe?" asked a listener.

"At once."

"To-day?"

"No, but very soon. Madame did not say when," replied Nanette, as she gathered up her purchases and departed.

"That woman knows all about the family, but she has been tutored to hold her tongue," said one neighbor to another, looking after the departing figure.

"She's a close one," was the answer.

"I would not like to live alone in the stone house if I were those women; there was a robbery only last week, over the [illegible], you know."

"That is true, and I have seen madness with diamond solitaires in her ears when she has been walking," remarked the other neighbor.

"It's true the stone house can be fastened up very securely at night; every window has its bolt and bars and outside shutters, as well as those within."

"Where is the house the gentry can not enter if they have a mind?" asked the other. "To overcome bolts and bars is only the least part of their trade."

"Yes, and then once inside of the stone house, a robber has only three women to contend with; they have no man there, and the house is rather isolated."

"All of which is probably as well known to the robbers as it is to you and me," was the response of the other party.

This was all very true, and as we have intimated the vicinity of the Bois de Boulogne was a locality with a proverbially bad name, and where the law was very frequently outraged, even in the hours of open day. One would hardly like to pass among its labyrinths unarmed, after nightfall in our own time, for the neighborhoods of large cities always have a crop of dangerous and desperate men.

Still Madame Brienville and her companions had lived unmolested here for some two years. True, it was observed that at night particular care was taken to fasten up all the doors and windows in a very secure manner, so that after nightfall no light nor evidence of the stone house being inhabited could be discovered from the outside. At the close of the twilight hour the place always assumed the aspect of a deserted old mansion house.

It was on a pleasant morning in early summer of the year 1840, that the neighbors observed the windows of the stone house still remained closed and fastened long after the sun was up, and quite contrary to the usual custom. One or two stopped in their daily passage from one place to another to observe the fact and remark upon it.

"Oh," said one, "the family have gone to Dieppe, as Nanette said they were to do, though they have slipped away very quietly, that's a fact. But we know they have been getting ready."

"They couldn't do anything like other people; they must even make a mystery of going away," said another.

"Queer people," added still another.

"They must have gone in the night," said a fourth person.

"That's just it," responded one of the first speakers, where there is so much secrecy there is sure to be some good reason for it. No one knows anything about this Madame Brienville and her pretty daughter, though she has lived among us these two years and more."

"She is registered by the police, and if there was anything wrong about her they would find it out," said another.

"Very true," responded another of the group, who was discussing the matter. "Leave madame in peace. If she chooses to go to Dieppe by night, let her go."

And so the subject was dropped by the neighbors. If any one asked about the stone house, which presented the aspect of a dwelling hermetically sealed, he was told that the occupants had gone to Dieppe to pass the summer by the seaside, on account of Madame Brienville's failing health, and so several months passed on.

By and by the Summer was gone and winter set in, but still the people who inhabited the stone house did not return from Dieppe. When Madame Brienville had first come to the place it was remembered by the inquisitive ones that she had purchased the establishment, so there was no landlord to be looking after the rent. There was a neglected and crumbling look gradually settling down over the stone house and its surroundings, by the following Spring, but then that was the owner's business, and no one need fret over the matter if it tumbled to the ground. A sentiment which the neighbors fully expressed.

The isolated situation of the house prevented the fact of its remaining so long shut up from being the cause of much remark, and the years from 1840 to 1850 were full of such stirring experiences in and about Paris, that the old stone house ceased to be a subject of curiosity even to those in the immediate vicinity.

By and by came the preparations for the improvements in the Bois de Boulogne, so long contemplated.

One of the first obstacles to be removed proved to be the old stone house, which had lain empty these ten years. Inquiry was made as to the ownership; but the action of the French authorities, when once commenced upon any given purpose is summary; no delay is permitted for the government is all-powerful. So an order was issued to tear down the house without loss of time, and now that attention was directed toward the building, the authorities were themselves surprised that the affairs of Madame Brienville had been permitted to sleep quietly for so many years without coming under their surveillance.

Curiosity was aroused once more in the neighborhood when it was proposed to tear down the stone house.

The usual forms were observed, and a suitable officer was detailed to oversee the solving of this mystery.

The doors were broken in very easily, for decay had weakened them, and ere long they would have fallen from the eating of rust, damp and general decay.

Strange was the sight that met the eyes of those that entered there. The dust and mould were in inch deep upon everything. Articles lay about as they had done in every-day use, but coated with the deposit of years. The close, damp atmosphere was oppressive, and the stillness ominous! Nothing had been packed away as if for departure or a temporary absence of the occupants.

There stood a table with the decayed food in the dishes, the cups and saucers, knives and forks and spoons, lying about as though left there to be cleared away before the next meal should be prepared. There was a strange and mysterious suggestiveness of something to be discovered in these signs which met the eye at every turn.

Presently the officers went up the dusty, creaking stairs, and into the first room or chamber they came to.

Ah! what do they see that causes them to start so, and to hurriedly address each other?

These are men accustomed to all manner of exigencies, but they almost tremble with excitement now.

Upon the bed they beheld—one of them having thrown open the barred windows—the skeleton of a woman, half clad in a night dress, the whole under a coating of mould! The mystery was about to be solved. Here was the evidence of murder, too plain to be mistaken.

Other rooms were hurriedly visited.

In that next to the one first examined, they found another skeleton, half clothed—this one lying upon the floor near the door, as if on the way to join the person who had occupied the front room.

In the rear room, upon this floor, was found still another skeleton lying crosswise upon the bed, and partly clothed, like the others.

These three skeletons were the only occupants of the house. The officers called in some of the neighbors to question them, and at last one or two were found who remembered about Madame Brienville and her family, and part of the mystery began to be unravelled.

Here in the first room was the mother; in the second apartment were the bones of the daughter, the once lovery Loise; and in the third and rear room there lay across the bed the skeleton of the old domestic, Nanette. Evidences were soon found that showed the house had been robbed, and these women murdered, some ten or twelve years since.

Further examination showed that the robber, or robbers, must have entered the house from the roof, as the only window or place of ingress or egress found unbarred was that of a rear one in the upper half-story of the building. After satisfying themselves on this point, the officials returned to the chambers where the ghastly skeletons lay.

The bones alone were left!

The rats and other vermin had eaten every particle of flesh from the frames, years and years gone by.

After proper official action had been taken, the remains were decently arranged and buried.

It was more than a nine days' wonder. The authorities blamed themselves that it was possible such a crime could lie in their midst, as it were, unsuspected for so long a period, and the few neighbors who were left saw how stupid they had been in not directing attention to the missing family. True, they had every reason to suppose they had gone to the seaside, but then they should have remembered that if this were the case, Madame Brienville and her daughter would be sure to return at the close of the season. They saw this plain enough now.

The march of improvement, in the meantime, was not stayed; the public laborers cleared the house of its valuables, which were turned over to the public receiver, and then commenced to tear down the old stone mansion.

This was the work of not one, but many days.

Gradually the structure, stone by stone, floor by floor, disappeared, and was carted from the spot.

The authorities had half forgotten the crime which had so long ago been committed within those walls, the proper officer was hastily summoned to the spot. Another revelation was in store for him.

Another skeleton was found!

It lay among the foundation stones, and was that of a man, still clasping a box in his fleshless arms, as though even in death and the grave he would retain his ill-gotten booty. The truth was plain at a glance. This was all that remained of the long-ago robber and murderer.

It will be remembered that we spoke of a false wall which had been erected to screen the rear part of the old house; it was between this and the main building that the robber's skeleton was found. In making his escape from the scene of the robbery and murder by that lofty back window, he had fallen between these walls into a living grave.

Curious Funeral Rites.

In Corsica wailing and chanting is kept up, off and on from the hour of death to the hour of burial. The news that the head of the family has expired is quickly communicated to his relatives and friends in the surrounding hamlets, who hasten to form themselves into a troop or band, locally called the Scirrata, and thus advance in procession toward the house of mourning. If the death was caused by violence, the scirrata makes a halt when it arrives in sight of the village, and then it is that the Corsican women tear their hair and scratch their faces till the blood flows, just as do their sisters in Dalmatia and Montenegro. The widow awaits the scirrata by the door of her house, and, as it draws near, the leader steps forth and throws a black veil over her head to symbolize her widowhood; the terms of which mus. offer a dreary prospect to a woman who has the misfortune to lose her husband while she is still in the prime of life, for public opinion insists that she remain for years in almost total seclusion. The mourners and as many as can enter the room assemble round the body, which lies stretched on a table or plank supported by benches; it is draped in a long mantle, or it is clothed in the dead man's best suit. Now begins the dirge, or *Vocero*. Two persons will perhaps start it singing together, and in that case the words cannot be distinguished; but more often only one gets up at a time. She will open her song with a quietly-delivered eulogy of the virtues of the dead, and a few pointed allusions to the most important events in his life; but before long she warms to her work, and pours forth volleys of rhythmic lamentation with a fire and animation that stir up the women present into a frenzied delirium of grief, in which, as the *prefica* pauses to take breath, they howl, dig their nails into their flesh, throw themselves on the ground, and sometimes cover their heads with ashes. When the dirge is ended they join hands and dance frantically round the plank on which the body lies. More singing takes place on the way to the church and thence to the grave-yard. After the funeral the men do not shave for weeks, and the women let their hair go loose and occasionally cut it off at the grave; cutting off the hair being, by the way, a universal sign of female mourning; it was done by the women of ancient Greece, and it is done by the women of India. A good deal of eating and drinking brings the ceremonials to a close. If the bill of fare comes short of that recorded of the funeral feast of Sir John Paston, of Barton, when 1,300 eggs, forty-one pigs, forty calves and ten neat's were but a few of the items—nevertheless the Corsican baked meats fall very heavily upon the pockets of such families as deem themselves compelled to "keep up a position." Sixty persons is not an extraordinary number to be entertained at the banquet, and there is, over and above, a general distribution of bread and meat to poorer neighbors. Mutton in summer, and pork in winter, are esteemed the viands proper to the occasion. In happy contrast to all this lugubrious feasting is the simple cup of milk drank by each kinsman of the shepherd who dies in the mountains; in which case his body is laid out like Robin Hood's, in the open air, a green sod under his head, his loins begirt with the pistol belt, his gun at his side, his dog at his feet.—*Cornhill Magazine*

Sensible Almost to the Last.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mulcahy lived on a farm. They were shrewd and thrifty, and had the reputation of being close. Finally Mrs. Mulcahy sickened and was about to die. Finding herself nearing the end, she expressed a desire to put things in order before that event occurred, and old Tom prepared to listen.

"Tom," says Mrs. Mulcahy, "there's Mrs. Smith, up at the crossing, she owes me $1.80 for butter; see ye get it."

"Sinsible to the last, my dear; sinsible to the last," said Tom. "I'll get it."

"Then, there's Mrs. Jones, up at the Creek, she owes me $1.50 for chickens."

"Ah! look at that, now, for a moind; she forgets nothing."

"And Mrs. Brown, in the village, she owes me $2.30 for milk."

"D'ye hear that? Sinsible to the last; sinsible to the last! Go on, my dear."

"And—and—"

"Yis."

"And Mrs. Roberts, at the toll-gate, I owe her—"

"Ah! poor dear! poor dear!" broke in old Tom hastily; "how her moind does be wandering! Sure we've allowed her to talk too much entirely, so we have!"

Beauty and Terror.

Thomas Starr King says the flowers of nature "do nothing to robe the globe in splendor in comparison with the rocks and snows of the uncultivated hills. God chooses the awful things to show off his tenderness. Is not this a theological fact and lesson as well as a fact of science? Indeed, the most tender influences that we are acquainted with in nature flow from the utmost desolation that we know anything about. I mean the full moon light. How soft, how soothing, how kindly, how patient, how pitiful, it seems! Yet science tells us of coal long so blasted, so terrible, as the moon itself. Sahara on this globe is almost a garden to it. The sage-brush plains between the Sierra and Salt Lake are a conservatory in contrast. There are pits in it nearly twenty thousand feet deep. There are mountains of scarred, scorched stone on it almost as high. There seems to be no water on its surface and no air swathing its frightful solitudes. One astronomer finds that it was the hell of our planet. And yet perhaps its light is the more soft and tender to us because of this barrenness. One of its chief uses, probably, is to publish the graciousness of the Infinite to our eyes and sentiment. Compassion and love stream to us out of the sky from the bosom of seeming terror. So God swathes His power with grace, and by light and color tells us that He is not the Almighty simply, but the Almighty Father."

Woman's Opportunity.

The question is not now, as formerly, what is a woman allowed to do in the world? but, what is she prepared to do? Every path is free to her feet, every gate is open for her entrance, every bar is lowered that might prevent her onward career, and the only obstacle that she has to overcome is her ignorance of ways and means, and her inability for rapid and thorough preparation. These surmounted, there is no heights she may not ascend, no victories she may not achieve. Women are now actively employed in every department of art literature and science. They are busily at work with head and hands; they are demonstrating that women are held back in the race for fame and wealth only by the trammels of their own ignorance or misapplied energy. Fair vantage ground can be gained anywhere, where men or women are qualified to stand; if it is below the masses, they must be content with the place their attainments gain them; if above, on the higher plains, they can dread no downfall of their hopes and ambitions. There is no crowding where only the few brave and worthy gather; it is down among the struggling, weak, faint-hearted ones who are not able to climb, that the most despairing and unworthy go to the wall and perish.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

Mr. D'Kimber's Statement.

My theory is that a mother's chief duty is the taking care of her children. How came I by this theory? I came by it through the newspapers. I never took up one that did not tell of dishonest clerks, corrupt officials, theft and murder.

One day I went into Mrs. Fennel's kitchen where I found the women folk in a state of great consternation. The cakes were all fried for tea, but the salt had been forgotten. "Sprinkle some over them," said I, "twill strike through won't it?"

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. P., "the salt must be mixed in the dough at the beginning."

"There," thought I, "that's the figure of speech I want! Let salt stand for goodness, and dough for the children. The goodness must be mixed in at the beginning, it is too late when the dough is baked into men and women. It will be of no use then sprinkling it on the outside; it won't strike through. Yes, yes, mix it in at the beginning; that's it! And mothers must do it."

War.

If war has its chivalry and pageantry, it has also its hideousness and its damoniac woe. Bullets respect not beauty. They tear out the eye, and shatter the jaw, and rend the cheek. Mercy abandons the arena of battle. The frantic war horse with iron hoof tramples upon the mangled face, the throbbing and inflamed wounds, the splintered bones, and heeds not the shriek of torture.—Crushed into the mire by the wheels of heavy artillery, the victim of war thinks of mother, father, sister, home, and groans and dies; his mangled corpse is covered with a few shovelfuls of earth, and left as food for vultures and dogs, and he is forgotten. He who loathes war, and will do everything in his power to avert it, but who will, in the last extremity, encounter its perils, from love of country and of home—who is willing to sacrifice himself and all that is dear to him in life, to promote the well being of his fellow-man, will ever receive a worthy homage.—*Abbot.*

Expert Divers.

Many nations, and particularly the savages of the South Sea and other islands, are remarkable for the expertness which they acquire by habit, in diving and moving about in the water. Being accustomed to it from their infancy, the element becomes so natural to them that they seem to have the use of their faculties in the water, as well as on dry land. According to voyagers they are such expert divers, that when a nail or other piece of iron was thrown overboard, they instantly jumped into the sea after it, and never failed to recover it. On one occasion, a smith's anvil is said to have fallen overboard; not being able to bring this up, the islanders contrived to get it ashore by descending a great many times, and rolling it over till it reached the land.—*South Sea Adventures.*

THE McKEAN MINER.

H. F. Harbour - - - Editor.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 2, 1879.

THE TRIENNIAL ASSESSMENT.

It should not be forgotten that the assessors and the assistant assessors elected at the next township and borough election in February will have the responsible duty of making up the assessments as a basis for the next three years. Taxpayers should not only bear this fact in mind but see to it that none but capable assessors—men of judgment and discretion—are elected. The inequality of assessments as regards the real value of property is a common and valid subject of complaint, and the proper remedy is in the election of capable men as assessors. Too little attention is generally paid to this matter. And, indeed, except for the triennial assessment, it is not of such great importance, as the basis then established is followed in the succeeding three years. But the triennial assessment, the duty primarily of which devolves upon the assessors elected next month is of great importance to the taxpayers, and we cannot too strongly urge them to guard their own interests. Especially is it important in this county, where the difference in real value of real estate of apparent equal value is so great. B may own a farm valuable only for its agricultural products which would probably sell for $30 an acre. In the same township C may own a farm comprising developed oil territory, which will sell at any time for $150 an acre. An assessor who did not exercise his brains and judgment would assess both farms alike at their agricultural value, and such we understand has been the custom. Thus an injustice is done and the county treasury is deprived of a large amount of taxes due it, the collection of which would relieve the small property holder of a portion of his heavy burdens. The expenses of the county occasioned by the large influx of the turbulent and disorderly class of citizens is becoming enormous. All this expense is due to the oil development, and it is proper that the property thus enhanced in value should bear its portion of the expense. We are sure that the owners of oil lands are very willing to submit to an equal taxation, and it only rests with the assessors to be elected and the new board of county commissioners to carry out this great principle of republican government in McKean county. First see to it that capable, honest assessors are elected—men who will live up to their sworn duty—and we think the present board of commissioners can be depended upon to uphold and sustain an honest and equitable basis of assessment and correct any proven errors.

After all that has been said by the oil producers, it is reported that many of them favor the election of Henry M Long, of Pittsburg, as speaker of the house at Harrisburg this winter. A correspondent of the Pittsburg *Post*, writing to that paper from the state capital says that Mr. Long "is a brother-in-law to the Standard oil company," and yet he is so anxious to be elected to the office that he visited the oil potentates and agreed to allow them to name their committees if they will not interpose any objections to his election. It is further stated that he has pledged himself to not only support whatever legislation they may desire, but will aid them in the chair to the extent of allowing them to name the conference committees. If he holds such a close relationship to the Standard company, as stated, does it not look like a dangerous experiment for the oil producers to consent to his being placed in a position where he can wield great power to their disadvantage? It is true that many of them distrust him, and it may be that when the time for holding the election arrives, they will be constrained to throw their influence in another direction. They would be a sorry looking set of individuals if they should turn in and assist in elevating to power a man who would, at the last moment, be controlled by the great influence which the Standard oil company can bring to bear.

Mr. Wallace, of Pennsylvania, belongs to the class known in Jackson and Van Buren days as "northern men with southern principles." They were also defined as "doughfaces." They were always ready to lie down and roll over at any demand of the South. Mr. Wallace comes boldly up to the mark on the present occasion, and denies, in behalf of his southern friends, all allegations against the perfect fairness which has been applied to southern Republicans in their constitutional rights. He then joins with his southern brethren and makes counter charges against the people of the North. And when Mr. Blaine asked him how then he happened to get into the Senate from Pennsylvania, he said it was on account of an earthquake, to which Mr. Blaine quickly replied that the Senator was certainly an eruption. But Mr. Wallace was not able to stop Blaine's resolutions. They have gone through, and only six democrats mustered courage to vote against them.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

The recent convention of cheese and butter makers held in New York city, has shown that nearly $350,000,000 worth of butter and cheese have been produced in this country within the past year, or one seventh more than the value of the wheat crop of the country, and one-third more than the cotton crop. There will be exported this year from the whole country 180,000,000 pounds of cheese and 25,000,000 pounds of butter. There are 18,000,000 cows in the country, or 23 to every 100 persons.

December 17 ought to be celebrated for years to come, as a day of deliverance. Gold sold at par for the first time in sixteen years. The national credit has risen, in spite of legislation, through the recuperative energies of the people, until it stands at last "as good as gold."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Another Producers' Union.

The Parker City *Daily* says that the scheme of the Producers' union in opposition to the Standard monopoly is now about fully developed. It is in the nature of a contract. The *Daily* says a central association has at last been formed and is to have a capital stock of $20,000,000, represented by two hundred thousand shares of $100 each. Fifty thousand of these shares are to be issued as common stock, the first issue of which (10,000 shares) will be placed upon the market at once. Ten thousand more will follow on three successive Tuesdays, and the other ten thousand will be sold at some period during the same year. One-half of the paid up capital will be made a trust fund under the absolute control of producer trustees, while a large portion of the other half will certainly be in the hands of producers themselves, in order to prevent the Standard from buying a controlling interest in the new company.

HOW THE SHARES ARE OFFERED.

The shares will be offered for public competition, but not less than ten dollars a share will be bidable on any amount agreed to be taken. After this will come preference shares and other stock, but no dividend is to be payable upon any of it till the money is actually earned by a rise in oil values, and even then no more than eight per cent. can accrue from "any" class of stock till a par value is held by the company in cash and property while there are to be no guaranteed dividends. The company which is to form the central agency is composed of four oil companies, who are each owners of franchises gained before the adoption of the new State constitution, and which give privileges that would not be obtainable now. The principal object in the early stages of the new company will be to buy all the oil that offers, and retire it from the market until such times as there is a demand for it.

HEAVY CAPITALISTS INTERESTED.

Heavy capitalists are associated with it, and there will be no difficulty whatever in taking all the grist that comes to the mill. At the very outset the company (the American Petroleum company, as it will be called), will retire some 3,000,000 barrels of oil, and the European buyer will open his eyes to such an extent that he will rush into the market to make the best terms he can, and thus assist the inevitable rise that is sure to follow the starting of this company in business. The last public allotment of shares will be made on the 10th of January. On the following day a permanent board of directors will be elected by the stockholders, and between that time and the first of February the company will be in full working order.

PERSONAL AND PERTINENT.

President Hayes makes up a scrapbook every year.

B. Gratz Brown, is is said, has inherited a fortune of $45,000

Chaffee, of Colorado, receives $4,500 a day from his silver mine.

Mrs. Hayes will resume her official receptions on January 4th.

George Bancroft, the historian, has completely recovered his health.

In the Ohio Lunatic Asylum is a young lady who is heiress to $700,000.

It is feared that the health of Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is permanently broken.

The Marquis of Lorne is a good rifle shot, and an enthusiastic in sporting.

Ole Bull has taken out a patent for an important *improvement* in violins.

Oliver Cromwell was sent to jail in Paterson, N. J., recently. Thought he was dead.

The Pope is to have a newspaper organ, to be published weekly in five different languages.

Miss Mattie Todd, a niece of President Lincoln, wants a postoffice at Cynthiana, Ky.

General Sherman has two daughters who will spend the winter in Washington with their father.

The coroner of Lehigh county has held forty-five inquests and eight post mortems since Jan. 1st, 1878.

Dickens' baptism name was Charles John Hoffman Dickens, but he early dropped the superfluous titles.

The Chicago *Tribune* speaks of the editor of the Chicago *News* as "a young mush-head." Neat and graceful.

A profane reporter says that Mrs. Van Cott's daughter is an embodiment of the revived spirit of decorative art.

A New Haven man compels his negro to whistle all the time he is down cellar so that he cannot drink any cider.

Lord Hardwicke declares that "writing to newspapers is one of the greatest curses of modern times for the readers.

John L. Clem, "The drummer boy of Chickamauga," now a lieutenant in the army, is in Washington, where his wife is sick.

Sitting Bull, the Indian contractor will be pained to hear, will spend his Christmas and New Year's in Canada.—*Herald.*

An Italian in San Francisco has been prosecuted for cruelty to cats, of which he has been in the habit of buying dozens from boys. He is a sausage maker.

Dr. P. Dwight, who was a groomsman at the marriage of President Hayes' parents, is still living in Adams, Jefferson county, N. Y., nearly ninety-four years of age.

The nigger hez the rite to vote. We understand that and respect it. But there must be limitashuns. He may vote—the law sez that—but the law don't say how he shel vote. That is for us.—*Nasby.*

A shipwright of *Glasgow* said *in a* public meeting that, owing to a strike of his employee last year, his firm has lost orders amounting to $1,000,000, through inability to compete with English builders.

Information has reached Washington of the death on the 2d inst. in the City of Mexico of Justice E. Colburn, the Consul-General to Mexico. Mr. Colburn was a native of Rhode Island, and for many years the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*.

William Winkley, of Philadelphia, has given $10,000 to Dartmouth College to found a professorship of Anglo-Saxon and English literature. It is only a short time since Mr. Winkley sent a check for $25,000 to the college to be used as the college authorities saw fit.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

From the Wide-Awake Magazine, May, 1877.

Bayard Taylor was born at Kennett Square, Chester County, on January 11th, 1825. I know the old house in which he and his brothers and sisters were born: two girls, who are now mothers, with boys and girls of their own, and four sons, one of whom was slain at Gettysburg as he was leading his men to battle. Bayard Taylor is descended from one Robert Taylor, a primitive Quaker and companion of William Penn, who settled at Kennett Square a hundred and ninety-six years ago, and from a Lutheran clergyman who emigrated from Southern Germany about fifty years later. Bayard Taylor was the fourth child; three having died before his birth, and it was doubtful for a time whether he was destined to live, he was so weak and frail.

He was sensitive, as most delicate children are; he disliked rough sports, and was a mystery to other children, who did not understand his tastes, and could not sympathise with his little ambitions. He began to read poetry as soon as he could read at all, say when he was five or six years old, and was deeply impressed by the death of two great poets who died in his seventh year, and by their biographies in the newspapers. One was Sir Walter Scott, the other was the German poet Goethe, whose "Faust" he was one day to render into English verse. He struggled into rhymed couplets at this early age, and two or three years later succeeded in writing whole stanzas. Many other children have done the same and yet have grown up as prosaic as the most practical parents could wish; but when a child who writes verse is what the other are not—a born poet, he goes on writing verse to the end of his days. A poet sings as naturally as a bird, but, unlike a bird, he has to teach himself how, and he can only do this by writing and burning a great many bad verses. Bayard Taylor wrote verses and stories and essays which delighted him until he discovered that they were bad, when they were straightway consigned to the flames. He was passionately fond of reading, and as there was but few books in his father's house he borrowed from the neighbors when they had any to lend. There was a library in the village containing about two hundred volumes which he read through by the time he was thirteen. His father, who was a farmer, naturally thought that less devotion to books, and more devotion to farming, would be better for him in the end, or at any rate would be better for the farm. Most country parents thought so forty or fifty years ago, when any of their children were given to reading, which they really considered a waste of time! We know better than that now, but see what our chances are compared with the chances of our ancestors. Bayard Taylor's mother stood by him, like the motherly woman she was, and is, and his reading went on. I know this good old lady, who is now in her seventy-eighth year—his father is four years older—and know what he owed to her in his youth. But I must not write about Rebecca Taylor, nor Joseph Taylor, as they call them at Kennet Square, which is a settlement of Friends. Both were, and I believe still are, members of this peaceful sect.

Our poet at the age of seventeen went to West Chester, a pleasant town about ten miles from Kennet Square, and entered into a printing office in order to learn the trade of a compositor. It is a tedious labor which is performed mechanically, and it left him no opportunity for study, and but little for reading. Still he persisted in it for more than a year, and worked away at his task at night. He now began to publish poetry in the country newspapers, and when he was eighteen he had enough to make a little volume. Armed with this booklet, which opened with a narrative poem called "Ximena," he went again to Philadelphia, and saw the great Dr. Griswold, who was the editor of Graham's *Magazine*, and who advised him to publish it. He did more than that—he showed his faith in the printer-poet by accepting one of his poems for his magazine. Another great man of that day, N. P. Willis, published two of his poems which had been sent to him in the New Mirror, of which he was the editor, with a notice which made the writer of the poem jubilant. He was begining to be recognized. A few months later a cousin of Bayard Taylor determined to go to Germany to study at Heidelberg, and he instantly determined to go with him, and to pay his way by getting engagements as a newspaper correspondent. It was a bold idea in a country lad of nineteen, but it succeeded, for correspondents were not as plentiful thirty-three years ago as they are to-day. Money must be raised at once, and to raise it "Ximena" was published by subscription, Chester County furnishing names enough to pay the expenses of an edition. The Philadelphia papers spoke well of the little poetical venture, which was handsome of them, but somehow they didn't seem to want a European correspondent. Finally, however, the *United States Gazette* and the *Saturday Evening Post* each agreed to take twelve letters from the young poet, and to pay the munificent price of fifty dollars for them. Dr. Griswold accepted four poems, for which he paid the enormous sum of forty dollars. Bayard Taylor went to Europe in June, 1844, with only one hundred and forty dollars, and the money lasted until the next February. He lived eight months, *in a strange country*, on less than eighteen dollars a month. At the end of that time the *Saturday Evening Post* sent its correspondent fifty dollars for twelve letters more, and *Dr. Griswold sent his poet fifty* dollars for four more poems. Poems had risen two dollars and a half each, but letters remained at the old rate of four dollars and sixteen cents and *sixty-six* hundredthe of a cent each. If Bayard Taylor ever looks back at this period of his life I think he wonders at the courage he displayed then, and at the prudence which preserved him from starvation. At any rate I wonder at both.

There are events in the life of every man which decide his calling, and this visit of Bayard Taylor to Europe decided his calling as a traveler. After remaining abroad about two years, which time he mastered German, and became fairly familiar with Italian and French, he returned to America and to his home in Kennett Square, when he collected and carefully revised his letters of travel. He then decided to republish them in a volume, and went to New York to find a publisher. That important personage was found with great difficulty, and only on the condition that N. P. Willis would write a preface to the volume. Mr. Willis, who was a kind-hearted man, and noted for his generosity to young authors, wrote the preface at once, and the book, which was appropriately named "Views Afoot," was published and very warmly praised. It was a commercial success, or what was considered one at the time, for two thousand copies were sold in six months. Bayard Taylor was now twenty-one and was making a name in literature. So far well, but until it was made how was he to live? He could not live in literature in Kennett Square, where not even a newspaper was printed; nor could he obtain any situation on any newspaper in Philadelphia. What was to be done? He started a newspaper with a friend, who had been *one of his comrades in the printing office* at West Chester—a weekly newspaper in Phœnixville, Chester County. It was what an old newspaper may be—neutral in politics, so of course it offended both parties. It was probably not local enough, so the inhabitants of Phœnixville were not interested in it.

At the end of a year its enterprising editors were twelve hundred dollars in debt. Bayard Taylor resolved to give up his share, and leave the place. He wrote letters to several editors and authors in New York, and they advised him to go there. It was wise advice, as it proved in the end, though the outlook at first was gloomy. His earliest employment was that of assistant editor on the *Literary World*, under a brother poet, Charles Fenno Hoffman, who could only afford to pay him five dollars a week. A month or two later he obtained a situation on the *Tribune* at a salary of twelve dollars a week. If going to Europe decided his calling as a traveler, the *Tribune* decided his calling as a writer for many years. It was the beginning of his popularity, for it enabled him to reach a larger audience than his books had yet reached, and it was the beginning of his prosperity. Nearly thirty years have passed since he wrote his first editorial in the *Tribune*, and he is still writing editorials in it.

When I first made Bayard Taylor's acquaintance he had not been in New York *long*. He was editing the *Union Magazine*, for our common friend, Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland, who was spending her holidays in Europe; and some errand of my own, *I have forgot what, took me down to the Tribune* building, and up into the editorial office. It was not in the Tall Tower, which then was not, but as I remember on the *top floor* of the old brick building, where the compositors were at work. I don't quite know how it was, but we were soon friends. It was not long before it was our custom to spend the Saturday evenings together in his room in Murray street—I think it was Murray street—where we read this so-called poetry in MS., where we criticised it, rather too mildly, I am afraid, and where the poet-editor tempted me into smoking strong cigars. Shall I ever pass such evenings again? Never till youth returns, and the bright enthusiasms of youth.

"There are no birds in last year's nests."

It is Bayard Taylor, the poet, and not Bayard Taylor, the traveler, whom I wish the readers of *Wide Awake* to know now, so I shall pass rapidly over his career as a traveler. His second voyage was to California just after the breaking out of the gold fever in the summer of 1849. He went there as a correspondent of the *Tribune*, and the letters which he wrote to it were better than those of any other California correspondent. About two years later he went to Europe for the second time. When he returned to America his countrymen wanted him to lecture, and he did so, giving ninety lectures during his first season. Then he published a volume of poems which he had written while in the East, and which are the best Eastern poems ever written by an American; then a volume of prose about the lands of the Saracen, and another about North China and Japan. I pass over the names of these books and the years in which they were published, *and the countries that he traveled through* at a later period, and come down to his marriage with a German lady, Marie Hansen, the daughter of Prof. P. A. Hansen, a distinguished astronomer at Gotha, Germany. The happy pair proceeded to Greece shortly after their marriage, and the following year Bayard Taylor returned to America, with his wife and an infant daughter, Miss Lilian Taylor, a wild rose-bud of a young lady who is now blooming among the recent girl graduates of Vassar College. When Bayard Taylor was a bachelor it mattered little where he lived; one place was as good as another to a man of his roving disposition. But now that he was a husband and a father it behooved him to have a place which he could call his home. He had long fixed his eyes on a spot ground upon which when a boy he built his castles in Spain, and which he meant to buy some day, when it was for sale and he had money. It was as much a dream at first as his voyage to Europe, but it became a reality at last, as the voyage did, for it was for sale, and he bought it, or rather it was bought for him during his residence abroad. It lies in sight of, and immediately opposite, the old Taylor homestead, from which it is separated by a country road that goes winding up hill and down vale through stretches of beautiful scenery. The border which faces the road is wooded with tall trees, through which you catch glimpses of an undulating slope of pasture bordered at the further side with similar old forestry. It was originally what the English call a croft, an enclosed field, and still was well sprinkled with cedars, Bayard Taylor christened it Cedarcroft. The site that he selected for his house was at the upper end of his *grounds*, an elevation which sloped away in natural terraces, and, in front, in a gentle declivity of lawn. Nature made this spot for a poet's home, and a poet has made it his home. He went to Europe a poor boy, as I have told you; now he was a prosperous gentleman. Sixteen years of hard work were rewarded in Cedarcroft. I am not enough of an architect to guess what style of architecture is represented in Bayard Taylor's house, nor indeed do I care. It is enough for me to know that it is a large, comfortable country house, with a fine outlook on the surrounding country, which to my mind is the perfection of pastoral landscape. I like the seaside better than any inland scenery, but after the seaside give me Kennett Square from the tower at Cedarcroft.

I would like to describe *Cedarcroft*, if I knew how; but I do not; I have no talent for description. My favorite room when I am there is the library, where Lace Bay, and Taylor seated at his desk, translating "Faust" maybe, or writing a book of travel. He is busy, but not so busy as to be entirely absorbed in his work. He can smoke and talk without losing the thread of his thought. I leave him writing in the library and pass out on the piazza, which runs around the house on three sides, and look down the slope of the lawn to the brook, and beyond to the orchard, the property, or where I will, for Cedarcroft is but another name for Liberty Hall.

I am not going to describe Bayard Taylor to you, nor to tell you about his books, which you have read, or can read yourselves. Whatever your taste may be, you will be sure to find something in them that you will like. He has published, let me see—eight volumes of poetry, twelve volumes of travel, four volumes of novels and stories, and translations of the two parts of "Faust"—twenty-six volumes in less than thirty three years, to say nothing of the works he has edited, his magazine papers, his lectures, and his thousands of newspaper articles. He loves writing, and is never so happy as when seated at his desk bending over the paper which he covers so calmly with his beautiful penmanship. Such, as I know him, is the poet Bayard Taylor.

STATE ITEMS.

Rifle teams at West Chester practice on Sunday.

There is a fight for the postmastership at Tamaqua.

County almshouses were never so full as at present.

There is a lively fight in prospect for the York Postmastership.

A new bridge is to be erected over the Allegheny at Franklin.

Petty thieving appears to be on the increase in Philadelphia.

100 horses have been stolen in Lancaster county in three years.

The average price for good milk cows in Montgomery county is $40.

The oil producers expect a large demand for oil in 1879 at better prices.

Nine daily and thirty-four weekly papers are published in the Oil Regions.

More locomotives are built in Pennsylvania than in any State in the Union.

Canvas back ducks are scarce at Harrisburg, and sell for two dollars per pair.

Clearfield county expects to send 50,000,000 feet of logs to Williamsport next spring.

The National Tube Works Company of McKeesport will resume work January 1st.

The Pennsylvania Dairymen's Association will meet at Meadville, January 22nd and 23d.

J. D. Peters, manager of Gould's Hotel, Philadelphia, has been arrested for embezzlement.

Perhaps it is not worth while to mention it, but counterfeit $5 gold pieces are in circulation.

The Chambersburg Bank has gone into liquidation, the banking business being unprofitable.

Boys, twelve to sixteen years are the most accomplished cattle thieves in Clearfield county.

Muskrats in Berks county are doing much damage this year and seem to be unusually numerous.

John Roach, the ship builder of Chester, has an order for a side-wheel steamer for the Amazon river.

A cow on the farm of J. V. Rex, Montgomery county, recently gave birth to a calf without a tail.

Frederick Slonaker, Perkiomenville, recently made a sausage 71 feet long, and weighing 61½ pounds.

John A. Duncan, bookeeper of a grocery firm in Pittsburg confesses that he has embezzled $10,000.

A Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record tells the following* in regard to the winter quarters of the Pennsylvania delegation in the National Capital: "The Pennsylvania delegation is, in the main, established in winter quarters. Senator Wallace is at the Riggs House; Senator Cameron will keep house on Vermont avenue; Speaker Randall, ditto, at his modest mansion, 120 C street southeast; Freeman is in his old quarters at the Metropolitan; O'Neil is safely stowed away in his old resting place at 516 Thirteenth street; Judge Kelley is in winter quarters at 1327 G street; Harmer is at No. 1310 F street; Ward is at the Riggs; Clymer is at Wormley's; Smith at the Riggs; Bridges at the Arlington; Collins at the Metropolitan; Killinger is not yet located; Overton is at Willard's; Mitchell is at 750 Thirteenth street; Campbell at 1327 I street; Stenger is at 1407 F street; Marsh at Willard's; Mackey unlocated; Turney at Metropolitan; Etrett at 229 First street, southeast; Bayne at Willard's; Shallenberger at 724 Eleventh street; White at the Ebbitt; Thompson ditto and Watson at the Riggs."

The United States Treasury expects to have $133,000,000 in coin with which to resume on the 1st of January. Against this it has $346,000,000 of legal tenders, but of this amount it holds within its vaults $50,000,000, and the banks hold about $70,000,000 more, of which very little will be brought in. This leaves about $225,000,000 in circulation and liable to be presented for redemption. And if the Treasury were to pay out a quarter of a million an hour, it could keep on doing so at that rate for nearly six months before its store was exhausted.—*North American.*

This year's cotton crop is the largest on record. It is estimated by the agricultural department at 2,939,650,000 lbs. At ten cents a pound it is worth $293,965,000. That is a sum that will tell in the foreign exchanges. The country is singularly blessed "in basket and in store." While North and South wrangle as to their politics, Heaven smiles on both. That the largest grain and the largest cotton crop known should both fall in the same year, is astonishing good fortune.—*Buffalo Express.*

Why Verily!

Why been animated tallow-shop when Allan's Anti-Fat is a safe and sure remedy for obesity, or corpulence, and will reduce the most ill-proportioned form to a graceful outline within a few weeks. It contains no ingredients that can possibly prove deleterious to the system. A well-known chemist, after examining its constituents and the method of its preparation, gives it his unqualified endorsement as a remedy that "cannot but act favorably upon the system and is well calculated to attain the object for which it is intended."

Baltimore, Md., July 17, 1878.

Prof'r Allan's Anti-Fat, Buffalo, N. Y.—*Dear Sirs*—I have taken two bottles of Allan's Anti-Fat and it has reduced me eight pounds.

Very resp'y, Mrs. I. R. Coles.

The Democratic leaders are getting ready to applaud the success of resumption. Of course it is true that they were always in favor of just such a policy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RELIABLE HOME COMPANY.

THE BRADFORD MUTUAL

FIRE INSURANCE CO.

Is one of our State Institutions.

Organized under our New Constitution; chartered by the State of Pennsylvania to grant Insurance against Fire and Lightning on the Mutual plan. Let no one form a prejudice against the plans of this Company until they have fully investigated them.

The Company Commences Business with $200,000.

Insurance properly subscribed as the law directs, and prepared to INSURE CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER COMPANY, giving Insurance at actual cost, and has no intention of building any brown-stone fronts or paying any fance salaries to officers, but doing its business on the square and paying its losses promptly; and keeping the money at home, where it should be.

Farm Buildings a Specialty.

They are protected against Lightning, whether fire enemes or not. The business of the Company is managed by the following Directors, Officers and Citizens:

DIRECTORS.

Col. A. J. Wilcox, Enos Parsons, Dr. B. S. Baker, C. J. Lane, F. S. Johnston, L. G. Peck, A. H. Borchert, J. K. Wallace, D. A. Easterbrook, Joseph Z. Post, L. M. Hilliard.

OFFICERS.

Enos Parsons, President; Dr. B. S. Baker, Vice President; L. G. Aeck, Treasurer; J. K. Wallace, Legal Solicitor; L. M. Hilliard Secretary.

NOTICE.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of "The Bradford Mutual Fire Insurance Company," Sept. 2nd, at their office in Bradford, Pa., the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the Company under no consideration whatever will insure any frame building in any frame or brick in the borough of Bradford or any other town. And that the business of said Company be principally confined to detatched dwellings and detatches mercantile property and their contents, and other non-hazardous insurable property.

L. M. HILLIARD, Sec'y.

BETTER TIMES!

And the general Revival in Business now so confidently looked for, will surely bring higher prices for all manufactured goods particularly for FURNITURE, which is at present being sold at prices based upon extremely low figures for labor and materials. There cannot be a more favorable TIME to buy, and as we give purchasers the advantage of buying at Retail, at our Factory at Regular Wholesale Prices, we claim that it is the BEST PLACE.

Albert Best & Co.

MANUFACTORY & WAREROOMS,

39 & 41 PERRY STREET,

NEAR MAIN STREET,

BUFFALO, N Y

☞ Photographs to select from will be sent to customers unable to visit our Factory.

Buy only the genuine

BUCKEYE LED.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

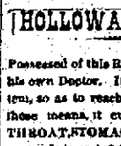
Buffalo Scale Co.,

322 to 334 Exchange Street.

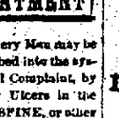
THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY!

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE

TRADE MARK. Is especially re- TRADE MARK.



commended as an unfailing cure for *Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency*, and all diseases that follow as a sequence on Self Abuse; as *Loss*



Before Taking After Taking

of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity, Consumption and a Premature Grave, all of which as a rule are first caused by deviating from the path of nature and over indulgence.—The Specific Medicine is the result of a life study and many years of experience in treating these special diseases.

Full particulars in our pamphlets, which we desire to send free by mail to every one.

The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of the money by addressing THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.

No. 10 Mechanics' Block, Detroit, Mich.

Harris & Ewing, wholesale dealers, Pittsburg.

☞ Sold in Smethport by all Druggists and by all dealers everywhere 18 43-1y

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THE FRIEND OF ALL !!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

These famous Pills PURIFY the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly, on the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, and BOWELS, giving TONE, ENERGY, and VIGOR to the whole system. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to FEMALES, Young or Old, and as a general FAMILY MEDICINE, for the cure of most complaints they are unequalled.

Important Caution.—None are genuine unless the signature of *J. Haydock*, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. Boxes at 25 cents, 62 cents and $1 each.

☞ There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes. Holloway & Co., New York

---

A CURE FOR ALL ! !

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Possessed of this REMEDY, Every Man may be his own Doctor. It may be rubbed into the system, so as to reach any Internal Complaint, by these means, it cures Sores or Ulcers in the THROAT, STOMACH, LIVER, SPINE, or other parts. It is an infallible remedy for BAD LEGS, BAD BREASTS, Contracted or Stiff Joints, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, and all Skin diseases.

Important Caution.—None are genuine unless the signature of *J. Haydock*, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. Boxes at 25 cents, 62 cents and $1 each.

1-y2,7,14) Holloway & Co., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LARGEST,

FINEST AND

MOST COMPLETE STOCK

OF

DRY GOODS

AND

GROCERIES,

BOOTS AND SHOES

Ever Brought to Smethport.

Gents' and Boys' Clothing

A SPECIALTY.

Overcoats to Suit Everybody.

We have purchased these goods at greatly reduced prices and are selling at figures so low as to

DEFY COMPETITION.

We only ask an inspection of our stock to convince everybody that we have a fine assortment of goods and sell them at lower prices than any other firm in McKean County.

HASKILL & GIFFORD,

Main Street, SMETHPORT

SAVE MONEY

By Trading at the

CENTRAL CASH STORE

THE FALL GOODS JUST RECEIVED.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES

and MILLINERY

LADIES FURNISHING GOODS

Cash and Small Profits.

W. D. GALLUP,

MAIN STREET. SMETHPORT.

The Best Wagon on Wheels

IS MANUFACTURED BY

FISH BROS. & CO.,

RACINE, WIS

WE MAKE EVERY VARIETY OF

FARM, FREIGHT AND SPRING WAGONS,

And by confining ourselves strictly to one class of work; by employing none but the

BEST OF WORKMEN.

Using nothing but

First-Class Improved Machinery and the very best of Selected Timber,

And by a THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE of the business, we have justly earned the reputation of making

"THE BEST WAGON ON WHEELS"

We give the following warranty with each wagon:

We Hereby Warrant the FISH BROS. WAGON No. ..... to be well made in every particular and of good material, and that the strength of the same is sufficient for all work with fair usage. Should any breakage occur within one year from this date by reason of defective material or workmanship, repairs for the same will be furnished at place of sale, free of charge, or the price of said repairs, as per agent's price list, will be paid in cash by the purchaser producing a sample of the broken or defective parts as evidence.

Racine, Wis., Jan. 1st, 1878. {Titus G. Fish, Edwin B. Fish, Jno. C. Hodges,} FISH BROS. & Co.

Knowing that we can suit you, we solicit patronage from every section or the United States. Send for Prices and Terms, and for a copy of our AGRICULTURAL PAPER.

FISH BROS. & CO, Racine, Wis.

CLAPP BROS & CO.,

WHOLESALE JEWELERS.

A FULL LINE OF

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN WATCHES

LARGEST STOCK! LOWEST PRICES!

DEALERS! SEND FOR CATALOGUE!!! PLEASE CALL WHEN IN THE CITY!

Orders will Receive Prompt and Careful Attention.

161 State St., CHICAGO.

THE McKEAN MINER.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 2, 1879.

Lodge Directory.

A. Y. M.

McKEAN LODGE, No. 288, A. Y. M., meets on the fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. T. CALLAR, W. M.

G. M. SMITH, Sec'y.

Churches.

METHODIST—W. B. WAGONER, pastor. Sabbath School every sabbath at 9 a. m., and Preaching at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. Class Meeting directly after morning services. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday evenings at 7 p. m.

BAPTIST—W. C. Wilson, pastor. Preaching at half-past 10 a. m. and half-past 6 p. m. Sabbath School directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 p. m.

EPISCOPAL—H. Q. MILLER, Rector. Services on the 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m. Sabbath School at 9 a. m.

St. ELIZABETH CATHOLIC CHURCH—Rev. J. F. SMITH, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Official Directory.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—H. W. Williams, Wellsboro, Tioga Co.
Additional Judge—S. F. Wilson, Wellsboro, Tioga Co.
Assistant Judges—W. S. Brownell, Smethport; F. N. Burnham, Eldred.
District Attorney—S. W. Smith, Port Allegany.
Sheriff—C. S. King, Smethport.
Prothonotary—C. K. Sartwell, Smethport. *Deputy*—J. R. Chadwick.
County Treasurer—W. D. Gallup, Smethport.
Commissioners—Benj. Bunker, Ormsby Gallup, Wm. A. Young.
County Clerk—Jno. R. Chadwick, Smethport.
Auditors—O. D. Coleman, J. L. Bean, M. W. Fisher.
County Surveyor—G. H. Lyon, Bradford, Pa.
Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Monday in February and September, and Third Monday of June and December.

Borough Officers.

Burgess—M. L. Armstrong
Asst Burgess—H. L. McVay
Council—G M Smith R C Corwin Wm Specht S A Barkus S W Abbey J C Hamlin
Constable—H. L. Burlingame.
School Directors—L. Rogers, R. D. Hamlin, B. L. Knapp, K. G. Brown, R. Sartwell, L. Burlingame.
Poormasters—E. F. Waller, O. W. Gallup.
Justices—G. M. Smith, P. Ford
Auditors—C. K. Sartwell, M. A. Sprague, A. B. Armstrong

BLANK PRINTING.

THE MINER JOB ROOMS are abundantly supplied with facilities for doing fine Blank Printing. We make a specialty of this class of printing, and challenge comparison of our work and prices with that of any first class Blank Printing House. We keep in stock all the usual forms of LEGAL and CONVEYANCING, JUSTICES, CONSTABLES' and TOWNSHIP BLANKS, and print on short notice any style and form desired. Samples, estimates and prices furnished on application. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

HERE AND HEREABOUTS.

—1879.

—Did you swear off yesterday?

—Tuesday morning was the coldest of the year.

—Chew "Jackson's Best" Sweet Navy Tobacco. v10-n4-y1

—Insure your life with W. H. Mandeville, Olean, N. Y. tf

—None but reliable insurance companies represented by W.H. Mandeville. tf.

—There are fourteen prisoners yet in jail—a good sized family for the new Sheriff to start with.

—Most of the Smethport merchants closed their places of business yesterday, New Years day.

—The grand jury tried hard hard to avoid recommending a new court house, and succeeded.

—Dr. Wisner and wife, former residents of Smethport, have been renewing old acquaintances here during the past week.

—Nearly every ice house in the borough will be filled this week. The quality of ice that is now being stored could not be better.

—S. E. Coles, one of the employees of this office, started for Elmira Thursday of last week to spend the holidays with his old girl.

—As a matter of interest to many of our citizens we may state that Prof. Bartholomew was "out" just $18 by Col. Arm's lectures.

—The boiler to our engine is again in running order, and patrons who have been waiting for their job work will not need to wait much longer.

—G. M. Smith has been appointed assessor to fill out the unexpired term of N. W. Abbey, recently elected county commissioner.

—The machinery has been removed from the test well at Ludlow, on the P. & E. road, which was drilled 1,800 feet deep without finding oil.

—The prospect is good that Sheriff Kings last batch of exportations to the Western Penitentiary will excel in numbers and general cussedness any gang he has escorted in that direction during his term.

—The large stock of Christmas goods displayed in the stores look very much depleted. However hard the times the young folks should not be deprived of their anticipated enjoyment when it costs so little.

—Owing to the blockade of the B. N. Y. & P. railroad by heavy snow drifts in the cuts between Aurora and Buffalo, no mail trains came through last week and no mails were received here for a full week.

—Operators are now discussing the theory of a belt between the Hulings well, in the Kinzua region, and the Bixford development. The bearing of the line is about forty-five degrees, like that of the Clarion belt.

—The Erie car works have plenty of work. They have just completed 400 cars for the Lake Shore road and have a contract for 75 cars more for the same road and 150 cars for Buffalo and Philadelphia road.

—We would invite attention to the advertisement of J. H. Sowers' meat market and grocery store in another column. Mr. Sowers always has in stock a supply of fresh meat and oysters in their season. He also keeps a stock of live chickens and is prepared to fill an order for dressed chickens on short notice. Give him a call.

—The McKean Lodge No. 360, A. Y. M., proposes to become an incorporated institution in order that it may hold property, sue and be sued, &c.

—The Warren *Mail* of last week publishes an itemized statement of the cost of their new court house. It foots up, including furniture, heater, safe, fencing, &c., $103,250.18.

—Sheriff King, accompanied by deputies Peck and Coleman, started for Pittsburgh Monday morning with the grist of the late term of court. The grist was small for the time spent in grinding—only seven.

—The P. C. L. & P. Co. well on the Kinzua has been reported dry. We hardly credit the report, however, and the fact that it was to have been torpedoed yesterday is evidence that the question is not yet decided.

—Posted upon a show-case in one of the business places of this village, may be seen the following:

"To trust is to be bust;
To bust is b—ll;
No trust, no bust, no b—ll."

—*Friendship Register.*

—And now the Standard oil company is surveying a pipe line from Bradford to Emporium, where it will tap the Philadelphia and Erie railroad. The time may come when all these hills will be grid-ironed with pipe lines.

—The Jamestown Democrats notes as a curious circumstance that the water in Chautauqua lake outlet freezes solid while the lake is open, and when the lake congeals, the outlet immediately frees itself from its icy fetters and thereafter during the winter remains open.

—A stop-cock to the engine that drives the Cuba Patriot presses, blew out the other day, and W. H. Barnard, one of the employes, had his hands severely scalded by the hot steam. A hardware store underneath the office was deluged with the water from the engine.

—W. D. Gallup's store was broken into last night by some as yet unknown amateur burglars. But a few minor articles such as cigars, neckties, &c., were taken, and it was evident that the burglars were new beginners and did not want to encumber themselves with too much stock.

—Two brutes in Bradford followed a young colored boy last Sunday evening and undertook to rob him of a $10 bill he was trying to get changed, but the little fellow hung to the money and yelled lustily. Two policemen heard the voice from afar and coming on the ground put the brave highwaymen to flight.

—"Never kiss a girl if she doesn't want you to," says an article on the "Art of Kissing." But pretty often when a girl says she doesn't want you to kiss her is the very time that she does want you to; and you'd better take the benefit of the doubt.—*Norr. Herald.*

—Persons ordering billheads, noteheads, statements, etc., at this office can have them handsomely bound together in such a manner as to prevent them from becoming scattered, without extra charge. It is a great improvement. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Prices low.

—Sheriff Williams, of Armstrong County, was convicted of perjury in the local court on Friday last. He was on trial for alleged criminal practices in securing his election. The verdict of the jury was a surprise to Williams and his friends, as the main convicting evidence was thrown out because of an error in the indictment. His counsel have applied for a new trial for him, failing in which, they will carry the case up to the Supreme Court.

—The principal event of local interest last week was the M. E. Sunday School Christmas Tree, the branches of which were loaded with presents for young and old. The church was well filled, and after a half hour spent in singing and recitation the distribution of presents became the order of the evening. E. V. Chadwick called the names of the lucky recipients, and as Ev. has a good voice none failed to hear their names when called. The presents were numerous and some of them valuable.

—The following is going the rounds uncredited: Here is a warning to men too mean to advertise. One of this description wanted to sell some land, and so he put a written notice in one of the hotels the other day. A man who was enquiring for a small farm was referred to the written notice, when he replied: "I can't buy land at a fair price of any man who does his advertising in this way. He'd steal the fence, the pump-handle and the barn-doors before he'd give up possession."

—The Hornell *Times* says that Luther Lewis was skidding logs near Alfred one day last week when two horses were accidentally killed. Mr. Lewis was at work upon a hill, the side of which was almost perpendicular, while its top was about 70 feet above the bed of the creek that flows at his base. The horses were attached to a heavy log. Being driven too near the edge of the bank, the log rolled over it and dragged the frantic animals with it. The horses were dashed down the steep embankment and were almost instantly killed.

—Don't forget that the MINER will be sent to any address for one year for $1.50. In arranging your newspapers and periodicals for the coming year, don't forget your home paper. Subscribe for it first, pay for it, and then subscribe for other papers as you may feel able. There is not a citizen in the county who cannot afford to subscribe for the MINER for one year. Think about this, and send in your name, accompanied by the money. Try the MINER for one year and you will be benefitted thereby.

—The Rome *Sentinel* has discovered that every town has a certain number of men who impress one with the idea that they would like to build a high fence around the place, leaving but one gate.—Then they would like to stand at the gate with a club and knock down any and every stranger who might seek admittance, especially if the stranger proposed to benefit the town in any way. There is still another class that our philosophizing exchange has omitted to mention, and a numerous one, too—those who think every one ought to be instantly annihilated that does not happen to look at the world through their own bigoted spectacles.

—Mr. A. J. Wheeler, a resident of Port Deposit, is the owner of a tract of six hundred acres adjoining the Allen farm, on which is located the Doe, Felt, Taggert & Armstrong well. He is now besieged day and night by producers in quest of territory. The northern line of his tract runs within a few rods of the gusher. A couple of years ago Mr. Wheeler offered the entire tract for sale at $2.50 per acre, but could find no purchasers. Since this strike he has turned a deaf ear to the seductive offer of $40,000. He regards the territory as worth $250 per acre.—*Breeze.*

—The habit which some local papers have fallen into of endeavoring to make their columns interesting by hinting at some scandalous proceeding to which their attention has been called, and with knowing winks and words insinuating that "certain parties" had better "keep shady" or they will be shown up to the public, is rather disreputable. It smacks somewhat of blackmail on the part of the paper, and nine times out of ten the basis upon which the "sensation" is attempted to be made exists only in the mind of the writer, and is given for the purpose of attracting attention to the paper. A notoriety gained by a newspaper in such a manner is not lasting, and does not bring prosperity.—If there is anything of a scandalous nature in community, which it is necessary or proper to publish, the truth alone should be stated.

—Ourselves and the callers at the MINER are indebted to Col. A. I. Wilcox for a correct and comprehensive map of the northern oil field, which we have hung up in our business office for the benefit of our friends and the public. The map is the work of J. L. Brown, C. E., and embraces not only the older development of the Bradford and Knapps Creek district, but also the Kenzua field and Marvin Creek tests, and the adjoining townships of Elk county. It is a valuable acquisition to our typographical and oleaginous literature, for which we feel duly gratified to the thoughtful donor.

ANOTHER MAP.—We are also under obligations to Robt. King for one of King & Gorton's maps of the Bradford and Knapps Creek oil fields. It is considered one of the most accurate and reliable maps of the northern field extant.

NEW LODGE ROOM.—The McKean Lodge No. 288, A. Y. M., has for years occupied dingy, unpleasant rooms to which a member hardly felt proud to introduce a visitor. The lodge now hopes, however, to soon make a change to more pleasant quarters. We understand that the trustees have purchased of Wm. Specht the upper portion of his new building on Main street, and will convert the entire second story into a lodge room with the necessary anterooms. It is a very pleasant location and when finished and properly furnished will make an elegant room. When ready for occupancy the rooms should be opened with a grand reception.

A New Enterprise.

It is frequently noted as a fact, whether complimentary or not, that the citizens of Smethport are very generally given over to the use of tobacco in all its vileness. Nearly every place of business combines the sale of tobacco and cigars as part of its legitimate business, and a neat profit is reaped thereby. To meet the wants of this trade Mr. Andrew Reilly, having had previous experience in the tobacco business, conceived the happy idea of opening a genuine wholesale and retail tobacco store and cigar manufactory. With that purpose in view he built a store adjoining Miss Tracy's Millinery store, and last week its doors were thrown open to the lovers of the weed. The store is very neatly and cosily fitted and has a decidedly attractive appearance. Mr. Reilly has already a goodly stock of cigars and tobacco on hand of all grades and prices. He has not yet commenced the manufacture of cigars, but his present stock is bought at bottom prices and will be sold at figures that will astonish you. If you want a good cigar or a thousand of them or tobacco in any shape, we advise you to call at the new cigar store. You can pay three cents or fifteen cents for you a smoke, according to your means, and always get the worth of your money.

The Highwayman Abroad.

Scarcely a night passes but that one or more persons are robbed in and about Bradford. Last Week a Mr. Hoover was robbed of about $900 while walking on the railroad track from Kendall to Bradford, and last Saturday evening Collector Charles W. Ecob was relieved of $585 while walking from Bradford to Tarport. The *Breeze* gives the following account of the robbery: "Saturday afternoon about four o'clock Mr. Charles W. Ecob, the tax collector of Kendall borough came to Bradford to transact some private business and after finishing the same he started for the depot intending to take the 5:50 train. Arriving there he found the train had departed at 5:30, as per new schedule, and that he was just ten minutes late. There being no other train that night, he concluded to walk, and started down the Erie track; passing the "Peg Leg" depot a Mr. Wing hailed him and remarked that it was a risky thing for him to do. Charlie laughed, made some light remark and proceeded on his way. On his journey he met no one until just before reaching the switch, or "Y," as it is called by many, about half a mile this side of Tarport, he passed Mr. Pelkington, a near neighbor on his way to Bradford, and about two minutes later, as he was going by some freight cars, two men sprang out from behind them, and one grasped Mr. Ecob by the throat, threw him down, and the second ruffian tore open his heavy overcoat, ripping it several inches, at the same time pulling his collar and necktie off and making the buttons fly. Without any hesitation whatever he put his hand in the right pocket and took out the large pocketbook containing $585, together with his tax and receipt books. Releasing him, they disappeared, in the darkness without a word." The robbers did not take the trouble to search his pockets or they would have found $95 more. The money was a portion of the State and county taxes collected by Mr. Ecob, which he was intending to turn over to the county treasurer on Saturday. He is of course entitled to a good deal of sympathy, but if he had sensibly deposited his collections as fast as he got $50 or $100 in his hands he would not have lost it.

MASONIC.—At a regular communication of McKean Lodge No. [illegible] A. Y. M. held at the lodge room on Wednesday evening of last week, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

W. M.—H. T. Sawyer.
S. W.—Davault Martin.
J. W.—H. F. Barbour.
Sec'y—E. H. Bard.
Treasurer—Wm. Specht.
Trustees—S. D. Freeman, O. D. Gallup, Duane Pattison.

The Howard Hill Hotel not closed.

A few weeks ago we received from a messenger a letter containing a notice of the closing of the Howard Hill hotel, with a request to publish. The letter was signed "J. H. Neilson, Proprietor," and we supposed it was genuine and published as requested. We have since learned that the letter was a fraud and a forgery. The house is not closed, will not be closed and is crowded with guests. Whatever may have been the object of the "smarty" who sent us the letter we are at a loss to imagine.

A "BUSTED" BOILER.—We have come to the conclusion that the weather has been pretty cold in this latitude for the past two weeks. Upon attempting to fire up our engine in the press room last Wednesday morning we discovered that the boiler would not hold water, and upon examination found a piece about three inches square burst out of one of the flues and a second flue badly cracked by the action of the frost. We had to send to Corning, N. Y., where the engine and boiler is made, for new flues and did not get the machine in running order until this (Thursday) evening. It was an unfortunate and costly breakage for us financially and has very much delayed the business of the newspaper and jobbing department.

The Perils of Winter.

From the Jamestown Democrat.

About Kinzua and Northern Pennsylvania the snow fell of last Thursday and Friday was much greater even than in this locality, and the atmosphere exceedingly cold and forbidding. The lines of the extension of the Erie R.R., Bradford branch, through the northern oil field, had been laid out over Kinzua Summit, and Friday morning a skillful engineer, fresh from New York, named Ellis Brown, was sent forward to further sketch the course taken. He started out bright and early, and proceeded with his allotted task with great energy until, when on the very apex, almost of Kinzua summit, he lost his way in a blinding snowstorm and among the heavy growth of hemlock, and for a time wandered helplessly through the woods, with feet wet and hands benumbed with cold. He finally decided that if he ever expected to again see the human form divine he had better shut down on his tiresome travelings and plan a way of keeping warm till help came. He therefore beat a track in the deep snow, steadily marching up and down the little runway hour after hour through the afternoon and into the night, with unceasing yet weary step, feeling all the while the discouraging sensation of feet freezing and body growing numb with the intense cold. Brown not returning at noon to the camp of engineers, who were behind him, little fear was apprehended for his welfare, but when night came and it did not bring back the missing man, search was at once instituted, and a large number turned out to find his whereabouts. The hunt was kept up all night and Saturday morning, and was not rewarded until noon, when one of the searching party ran across the almost exhausted man plodding his weary way over the little roadway he had beaten down by continued walking. He was immediately taken in and most tenderly cared for, and, though his feet were badly frozen and his hands frostbitten, he will be all right again in a few days. He says he heard the whistle of the engine on the morning train as it pulled out of Bradford, but he was then too weak to attempt to walk home, even had he been able to find his way.

The Country Editor.

The subjoined article from the Philadelphia *Times*, in the matter of holiday suspension, is so truthful a view of country journalism that we heartily endorse

It is customary at this season of the year for some of the city papers to poke fun at those weekly papers that omit an issue during the holidays. They don't understand the work of the man who edits a local weekly paper, and who has abundant reason to be very thankful for the brief respite, not from labor probably, but from care and anxiety, during the week of Christmas. Country journalism has wonderfully improved of late years. The average editor of a weekly paper is in much better circumstances than was the case before the war; he lives more on his own resources and allows himself greater liberty in most respects; but, for all this, the life of the country editor is anything but a life of luxury. He does not have a staff of editors, with special qualities fitting into the various departments, studying the movements of men and the drift of events; he rarely has any assistance, and, while he doesn't get out a newspaper every day, he is liable to write as many columns during the week as will be turned out by the average editor on the staff of a city daily. In addition to this the country editor has got to go about himself over a considerable local territory in search of facts; to look after the business of his office; to bother with all sorts of folks who rarely trouble the city editor, but who seem born to worry the country editor to within an inch or two of his grave; to help out with job work during the holiday rush; to read his own proof; to keep his own books; to do a hundred and one things which never come to bother the city editor, who fancies it's cunning to say something sarcastic about suspending a weekly newspaper on account of Christmas. The editor who thus suspends his paper does not always get his holidays, because he is almost invariably driven to employ the time drumming up delinquent subscribers and collecting bills. If people who subscribe for the local papers and read them with so much profit would pay for their entertainment more promptly, there would be little trouble about printing the paper every week in the year, and the editors would like to do it.

A Card.

[illegible] wish to state in reply to a statement made by the writer of the communication on the planing and erecting the Extract Works, published in your last week's issue, I had nothing to do with the planning or erecting, except to superintend the building of the bark-shed, and the millwright work. Respectfully,

M. N. ALLEN.

Go West.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* is doing its best to encourage young men to go West and grow up with the country. This is the advice it gives them:

Yes son, yes, yes; go out West and buy a farm. There is no life so independent as that of the honest farmer. Do not be discouraged if the work is a little hard at first. The grasshoppers will eat up all your first planting, but they will devour it so early in the season that you can plant a second time. They won't eat that planting until just about the day before harvest. Then you will have nothing to do all fall and winter and you can put in your full time starving. The next year's crop will be destroyed by constant rain and floods. The third year a drouth will burn up everything that has a root or leaf within ten miles of your farm.—The fourth year, will, however, go well. You will raise a booming crop, get it all in and safely housed, and sit down happy and contented, waiting for the market to rise. Then a prairie fire, as big as the butt of the universe, will come along and burn up everything you have in the world except the clothes you have on. Buy a farm! A young man is neglectful of his best interests and most solemn duties who does not buy a farm right away.

Return of Grand Jury.

To the Honorable the Judges of Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for the county of McKean, December Sessions, 1878:

The Grand Inquest of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, inquiring for the county of McKean, in all matters relating to the same, do respectfully report that they have acted upon seventy-six bills of indictment of which fifty were found true bills.

We beg leave further to report: That we have visited and inspected the county buildings and find the jail insecure to hold prisoners by reason of the partition walls between the cells being built of brick; also the arch or ceiling overhead in the corridor, and we respectfully recommend that they be covered with a cheap grade of boiler iron, or tank iron, of a sufficient thickness, fastened to the walls with bolts or rivets extending through the brick work, and in case of the cells, riveted to the iron on each side of the walls, and in case of the corridor ceiling, strips or bars of iron be placed on top, in which to fasten the other end of the rivets. That in the Court House, we find the accommodations in the Prothonotary's office insufficient, both as to room and office fixtures. Also, that the District Attorney has no room in the building in which to perform the labors and duties of his office. Also, that certain rooms in the second story are occupied as private office, arsenal, &c. That the Court room is being used for the purpose of holding exhibitions, concerts and various entertainments, and which are of no benefit whatever to the taxables of the county. We therefore respectfully recommend that the Prothonotary's office be provided with a suitable railing to prevent persons from obstructing the officers and clerks in their labors; also suitable desks, as many as may be needed. Also that the shelving in the vault be rearranged, and more added where there is room. Also a counter or shelf arranged on which to exhibit the books of Record. And we further recommend that the Court House be vacated by all privates offices, arsenal, &c., and turned over to the District Attorney, Prothonotary, Recorder, &c. or other county officers requiring and needing a proper room or office in which to transact the county business, also that the rooms, &c., in the Court House be not used for other purposes, or parties, when so actually required by the county officers. Also that the practice of allowing exhibitions, concerts or other public or private entertainments to be held in the court room, be discontinued, especially during weeks of regular or special terms of court.

A Letter in Rhyme.

Dear Maggie, did you at any time
Get a letter, written ad in rhyme?
Methinks you answer, "No, my dear,
But it looks as if I had one here."

My thoughts so often to you turn,
And it seems to pass away the time.
But well I know the best of friends
By duty are parted oftentimes.

Sometimes I wish me back again
To days that now are past and gone;
I mean those long bright summer days
I spent with you in childish plays.

I remember one, as you will hear,
When down among the rocks we were,
Then with our sticks all 'round we raked
In hope that we would find a snake.

Another time we climbed the hill
Resolved upon our pails to fill
With berries, oh! so nice and ripe—
We never dreamed of getting wet!

But soon the rain began to fall.
How you and George ran down the hill!
Then Nellie and I came running after,
We made the woods just ring with laughter.

Another time I yet can name
About the little mouse that came,
And Maggie! wasn't that a joke
About the tassels on your cloak?

How many times we used to stroll
Out in the meadows after school.
You always found a flower fair
To twine into Aunt Mollie's hair.

But time will creep away, know.
For now upon the grass is snow,
The sun low down the sky is seen,
The frost gleams where the flowers have been.

As I'm a lover of beauty rare
Your face it haunts me everywhere.
I speak of beauty, but now what kind?
I mean that of the heart and mind.

The beauty of the soul outshines
The beauty of the face I find.
And richer than gems from poets I hear
Are thoughts of you now, Maggie dear,

Oft in school I have thought thy face,
So like a rose in purity and grace,
Thy form as stately as the flowers and fair,
And I could see the sunshine in the hair.

I remember too how you used to sing
Out on the porch when evening came,
And call the toads till really they
Would seem to answer us in play.

Oh, well, those days are past and gone
And Maggie now is safe at home,
But I am now at school again
For edit at school I never am.

I often think of you at home;
Sometimes I think why don't you come
Up here and see us once in a while?
Although I know it is many miles.

Now, Maggie, dear, if you tire of this,
Don't blame me till I tell the rest.
But lo, I'll wait till another time
For maybe I will spoil my rhyme.

Now give my love to all at home
And for yourself you must keep some.
Be good and you will gain esteem.
Study to be what you wish to seem.

Now, Maggie, you must write sometime
And see if you can make it rhyme.
Good-bye now till I write again.
I remain as ever, MOLLIE MCKEAN.

Howard Hill, Dec. 19, 1878.

MARRIED.

RILL—CHAMPLIN.—On Sunday, Dec. 15, 1878, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. George W. Rill, of Farmers, Potter county, and Miss Anna Champlin.

BUSINESS LOCAL.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

It is a singular fact that nearly all the office seekers that visit the capitol carry home with them a bottle of Dr. Fenner's Cough Honey. Some have his Capitol Bitters and the Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic also.

AS ICE DISAPPEARS UNDER A JULY SUN,

So that hacking cough disappears under the use of "HAMILTON'S TOUCH BALSAM." It soothes and heals the membrane of the lungs, it remedies the night sweats and tightness across the chest, and is universally declared to be the best "balsam" extent. Those having carelessly tried many other remedies, are speedily relieved by this.

Sample bottles, 25 cents. Large size 50 cts. For sale by A. B. Armstrong, Smethport. 15-15 e. o. w. 1y

Fresh Oysters.

A full supply of fresh tub oysters is kept constantly on hand at Picard's Bakery and Provision store. He has a neatly arranged eating room connected with his store and will supply them cooked in every style, or will supply families and parties with quantities to suit. 47tf

Cure for Sore Eyes.

To all afflicted with sore eyes, Inflammation, Granulations, Films, can make a bargain. Cure or no pay. Tarageums and Amaroses cured in the first stages, as doctored by D. Wildey, of Farmers Valley, south side of Potato Creek.

Mr. Love, on Open Brook, has tried the above remedy, was cured by it and knows of other cases, and can recommend it. 15-51 2m

—When you go to Olean stop at the Brunswick House, opposite the Union Depot, the most popular house in Olean. 31 tf

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. 13-3t eow-26t.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Stockholders of the

Olean, Bradford & Warren Rail Road Company

will be held on the second Monday of January, 1879, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the office of the company in Eldred, Pa., for the purpose of electing a president and directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before said meeting.

C. S. CARY, Sec'y.

December 10, 1878.

Stockholders' Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the

Buffalo, Bradford & Pittsburgh Rail Road Company

for the election of a President and twelve Directors, will be held at the village of Bradford, McKean county, Pennsylvania, on Monday, the 13th day of January, 1879. The polls will open at one o'clock p. m.

A. B. MACDONOUGH, Secretary.

p5-3w

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G. MAGFARLANE, Sec'y.

Penn Yan Mystery.

The New Illustrated Weekly Family Newspaper of Leon and District Lewis, 8 pages containing

Stories, Lady Rothesdale's Daughter, by Mrs. Harriet Lewis; Count of Monte Cristo, by Alex. Dumas; Mr Allyn's Money, by Leon Lewis, ect. Portrait of Dumas and other illustrations.

Voyages and Travels, A ride through Islam, Turkey to India. Year in South Africa, by Lady Barker. Six months in the Sandwich Islands. Around the World, by Mrs. Brassey, etc. Illustrated.

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Address, LEON & HARRIET LEWIS,
15-4-4t. *Publishers, Penn Yan, N. Y.*

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and *radically*.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *post-paid*, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. 15-49 y1

Address the Publishers,

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York; Post Office Box 4586.

THE SMETHPORT SCHOOLS.

We are happy to say to the public that our schools are now in full working order, under the principalship of Prof. H. H. Bartholomew, ex-County Superintendent of Northumberland County, a gentleman of superior attainments and vast experience as an educator. The schools have been thoroughly graded. A complete course of studies has been prepared and unanimously adopted by the board. The course embraces all the branches taught in our public schools together with the higher English and classical studies necessary to prepare students for any college in the State. The schools are divided into ten departments and these are subdivided into three divisions upon a plan similar to that of the Normal schools. Any living certificate of the district desiring the advantages of this school can be admitted on the following terms: For the common branches per term of three months, $3.00, and for each additional branch $1.00 extra. E. L. KNAPP,
15-50-tf Sec'y of Board.

$66 a week in your own town. Costly free. No risk. Reader if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work write for particulars to H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. 15-52 y1

MISCELLANEOUS.

AT Armstrongs Jewelry Store

may be found a full assortment of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, and JEWELRY.

Roger's Best Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c. Castors, Cake Baskets, Syrup Cups, Mugs, Pickle Dishes, Napkin Rings, and all Goods Manufactured by Rogers Bros.

A FULL LINE OF TOYS FOR THE "LITTLE FOLKS."

A FULL LINE OF PRESENTS FOR THE "BIG ONES."

Agent for the Howe Sewing Machine

Agent for WANAMAKER & BROWNS'
LARGEST CLOTHING HUOSE IN AMERICA.

Call And Get Prices—Buy And Be Happy.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

MAIN STREET, SMETHPORT, PA.

NEW MEAT MARKET AND General Grocery Store

Rear of A. B. Armstrongs Drugstore.

Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Oysters, Chickens &c. always on hand.

The Finest Tub Oysters in the Market.

DRESSED CHICKENS furnished at any time.

A full line of groceries always in stock, and prices low. Give me a call and I will give you good bargains, good goods, and good measure.

J. H. SOWERS.

LEGAL.

Notice of Incorporation.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made at the February term of court for the incorporation of McKean Lodge No. 338 A. Y. M.
16-n7

Notice.

Western District of Pennsylvania at Pittsburg, this 10th day of December, 1878.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as assignee of F. Perry Carter, of Ceres twp., in the County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, within said District, who has been adjudged a Bankrupt upon his own petition by the District Court of said District.

C. B. ROBARTS, Assignee.
15-7-3t

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania for the incorporation of the Bradford Gas Company,—the character and object of such corporation being to furnish gas for fuel and light to the inhabitants of the Borough of Bradford, McKean county, Pennsylvania.
n6-

Notice.

Dell Marchase by her next friend James E. Kellogg } No. 171 June term, 1878. In Divorce.
vs.
Andrew J. Marchase

Subpœna returned nihil alias subpœna return nihil.

To Andrew J. Marchase: Take notice that deposition in the above case on the part of libellant will will be taken before P. Acker, Esq., on the 12th day of January, 1879, commencing at 2 o'clock.

C. S. KING, Sheriff.
A. A. CRAIG, Att'y for Libellant.

Notice.

COUNTY OF MCKEAN, ss:

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to Alexander Dross,—*Greeting:*

We command you that all matter of business and excuses be by set aside you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at our Court of Common Pleas there to be held on the Fourth Monday of February next, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife, Sophia Dross, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which she hath contracted with you the said Alexander Dross, agreeably to the petition and libel exhibited against you before our said Court; and this you shall in no wise omit at your peril.

Witness the Honorable Henry W. Williams, President of our said Court at Smethport, this 18th day of December, A. D. 1878.

C. K. SARTWELL, Prothy.
per JNO. R. CHADWICK, Deputy.

Allowed by the Court.
Dec. 16, 1878. I certify that the above is a true copy of the writ now in my hands.

C. S. KING, Sheriff.
16-4t

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Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-ind

Sheridan.

A creditor, whom he was anxious to avoid, met Sheridan coming out of Pall Mall, on a certain occasion. There was no possibility of avoiding him, but the wit did not lose his presence of mind, and immediately resolved what to do, knowing the creditor's weakness.

"That's a beautiful mare you're on," said Sheridan.

"Do you think so?"

"Yes indeed; how does she trot?"

The creditor, highly flattered, put her into full trot. Sheridan bolted round the corner, and was out of sight in a moment.—*Scraps of Biography.*

Tender Lines.

There is no stated rule for writing love letters. You should write on foolscap paper, and bear as soft as you can, using words of such burning love that they will sizzle on the point of the pen. It is also advisable to sling in a bunch of pathos occasionally, such as 'Dearest Augustus, I love you with a love larger than an elephant's. I think of you every day, and by and by, when the days grow longer, I shall think of you twice a day.' It is also well enough to put an ink blot in the corner, with the observation, 'darling, I kissed this spot,' or 'I have a sigh in this vicinity.'

Jute Culture.

According to the report of the Department of Agriculture, the United States pays out more than $80,000,000 annually for imported fibers—flax, hemp and jute, and that when no other country in the world can grow these so well and cheaply. It has been demonstrated that jute can be profitably grown in South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and wherever there is a hot, damp climate and a soil of sandy clay or alluvial mold, and it is believed that greater profit would arise from its culture in many locations, than from the usual crops raised. It is four times as productive as cotton or flax, and requires not more than one-tenth the labor to produce it. In its manufacture there is not half the loss there is in hemp and flax, while jute bags are worth in market one-fourth to one-half a cent per yard more than flax, and they last longer.

Happiness.

The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation, that happiness is one large and beautiful precious stone, a single gem so rare, that all search after it is vain, all effort for it hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is a mosaic, composed of many smaller stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly may be of little value, but when all are grouped together, and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which a gracious Providence scatters in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are so apt to overlook. Why should we keep our eyes fixed on the bright, distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very ardor of our chase after happiness, may be the reason that she so often eludes our grasp. We pantingly strain after her, when she has been brought nigh unto us.

Women as Mountain Climbers.

The New England papers are making much of Mrs. J. O. Adams, a lady of Manchester, N. H., because she ascended and descended from the top of Mount Washington in the same day. It was a very good piece of work, but Mount Washington, it must be remembered, is not much of a mountain; and the exploit of Mrs. Adams by no means puts her on a level with Miss Bravoort, of New York, who, after getting to the top of Mont Blanc in company with Marie Couttet, drank champagne and danced a quadrille with the guides; nor yet with that of Mlle. d'Angeville, who, having scaled the same snow clad height, made her guides take her in their arms and hold her up in the air, so that she might say she had "been higher up than any woman in Europe;" nor, finally, with that of the English spinster, Miss Stratton, who climbed Mont Blanc in the winter of 1875 and passed four days amid the glaciers. All of these, to be sure, were votaries of the chaste huntress Diana. For a married woman, Mrs. Adams has done tolerable well.—*N. Y. World.*

Butter Making.

The making of butter at a low temperature, continues to be as much discussed in Germany as in France. In the Tyrol, the Swartz plan of cold setting is much adopted at present as in Switzerland and Denmark. The object of churning the cream is to isolate as completely as possible, and then to reunite the butter particles contained in it. Professor Soxlet of Vienna has settled the vexed question, "have these particles globules or globules an envelope?" He will be pained to hear, will spend his Christmas and New Year's in Canada.—they have not, but swim freely in the liquid, and being lighter than this liquid, they naturally tend to rise to the surface. Their volume varies, but the smaller size are the most numerous. Now, while an increase of temperature ought to cause the globules to ascend more rapidly, experience demonstrates the opposite. Researches by several trustworthy experiments attest that it is not the uniformity of a low temperature but its sudden application that causes the cream to rise, and hence the advantage of placing the milk when warm, in shallow, small pans, cooled with ice or compressed snow. In twelve hours the milk is fit for skimming. M. Lefeld of Schonigen is the advocate for the extraction of butter from milk without creaming, but by the employment of centrifugal force; his machine has given good results but the butter, although produced very expeditiously has but little aroma, and is sadly deficient in consistency.

The domestic animals are liable to many of the diseases that affect the human race. One of these is what we term a cold, brought on by the sudden change from a warm to a cold atmospheres. This, if aggravated by frequent exposure to the same cause, aided by the use of poor or unsound food, may produce serious inflammation of the lungs and end in tuberculous diseases, for which there is no cure. The farmer who values his beast should take the same care as with himself, as to exposure, feed sound grain or fodder, and see that the animal has fresh air and exercise.

Domestic Recipes.

White spots or other marks on furniture may be removed with a sponge saturated with alcohol in which a little camphor has been dissolved.

To Clean Silk.—Wash in warm soap suds, rinse in clear warm water, dry quickly, and iron on the wrong side while yet rather damp. If there are grease spots on the silk, press with a tolerably warm iron under brown paper.

Fish are believed to be a very wholesome sort of food. Fishermen and their families, and those who consume fish freely, are healthy to more than an ordinary degree, being almost wholly exempt from scrofula and pulmonary consumption. Fish are also recommended as excellent brain food.

To Soften the Hands.—Indian meal and vinegar or lemon juice used on the hands when roughened by cold or labor will heal and soften them. Rub the hands in this; then wash off thoroughly and rub in glycerine. Those who suffer from chapped hands in the winter will find this comforting.

Egg-Plant Fritters.—Peel a purple egg-plant and boil it in salt and water until soft enough to mash, as one would potatoes. Then make a batter of two eggs, one teacup of sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls of flour and salt to taste. Mix the egg-plant into the batter, and fry as fritters or griddle cakes. Delicate and tempting.

Chocolate Caramels.—To two pounds of sugar, use two ounces of fine chocolate dissolved in a small quantity of water; two ounces of butter; a half pint of sweet cream; a quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Cook until it begins to snap when dropped in cold water, then flavor with extract of vanilla, and pour in pans to cool. When partially cool, cut in squares with a knife.

Gall Soap.—This soap, excellent for washing silks or ribbons, may be made by heating one pound of cocoanut oil to 60 degrees F., and gradually stirring into it half a pound of caustic soda. To this half a pound of Venice turpentine, previously warmed in another vessel, is added. The kettle is allowed to stand for four hours, subject to a gentle heat, which is afterwards increased until the contents are perfectly clear. One pound of ox-gall, followed by two pounds of Castile soap, is then mixed in, and the whole allowed to cool, when it may be cut into cakes.

Charlotte Russe.—One half pint milk, ½ lb. flour, yolks of four eggs, made into a custard over the fire. When cool stir in ½ box gellatine dissolved over night into ½ pint milk; whip to a stiff froth 1 quart of cream; line the inside of your mould with sponge cake or maccaroons; flavor with vanilla.

Orange Salad.—A very nice dish is thus prepared: Peel one dozen oranges, and cut in slices; put in layers in a glass dish, sprinkling each layer plentifully with sugar. Squeeze over this the juice of six oranges, and pour over all a glass of wine or brandy.

Stuffed Cabbage.—Take a large fresh cabbage and cut out the heart. Fill the place with stuffing made of cooked chicken or veal, chopped very fine, and highly seasoned, rolled into balls with yolk of egg. Then tie the cabbage firmly together, and boil in a covered kettle for two hours. It makes a very delicious dish, and is often useful for using small pieces of cold meat.

Corn as Food.

The Milwaukee Milling Journal thus compares the cost and food value of corn and wheat to the disadvantage of the latter grain: "Wheat is the dearest food consumed by mankind, and when the comparative value and cheapness of the different grains is more thoroughly understood, the singular fact will be developed that there is as much caste in food as in the human race that is supported by it. Scarcity and high cost of wheat will eventually force nations and individuals to learn that the moral and financial elevation of the masses depends upon the substitution of some good material cheaper than wheat and bearing nearer proportion to the reduced state of wages now prevalent the world over. When the conventional necessities of life increase in cost, laborer's wages diminish, and suffering and discontent ensue. The following comparison will show that corn as well as oats, is cheaper food than wheat: Oats contain 19.91 per cent nourishment; corn, 12.30 per cent. and wheat, 14.05 per cent. Each pound of nourishment from oats at 5½ cents to whose bushel cost 2.8[illegible] grown near at hand, is [illegible] cents, [illegible] 20.61 [illegible] the [illegible] for [illegible] in [illegible] 1876 [illegible] 1875, [illegible] were [illegible] 1874 showing that wheat cannot be claimed as a sole dependence from the rapidly increased population of the world. Corn must, before many years, be consumed as a partial substitute, at least, for wheat, and the better the quality of the grain, and the more perfect the process of preparing it for food, the quicker will come the enlarged demand. This is in part confirmed by the fact that our exports of 1876 were 8 per cent. for our whole crop, while for the twelve preceeding years they averaged only 1 per cent. of the corn produced.

There were two of them hanging over the front gate the other night. She was standing within the yard and he on the sidewalk outside, both leaning on the top rail, and apparently as happy as two pigs in a cornfield. He was saying, "Now, my own little darling, sweet idol of my soul, whose image is ever on my heart"—when he saw the old man coming down the front walk, and continued in a different strain: "The potato bugs haven't destroyed one crops so much since we purchased Paris green, and you will find also that cabbages can be raised better on a richer soil." The old gentleman heard it, and turned back, saying as he entered the house, "These young people take more interest in agricultural affairs than people generally suppose."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Seven French doctors told a Parisian that smoking would kill him. He was killed by falling down stairs. Moral—smoke all you wish, but beware of stairs.

ALL SORTS.

We should use a book as a bee does a flower.

A Chinese lawyer has been admitted to the London bar.

The proverb "out of sight out of mind" is no where more applicable than in the case of an advertisement.

A love-sick girl, who had married against her father's wishes, came back after the first conjugal tiff. Kill the prodigal," exclaimed the father, "the calf has returned."

The average annual yield of a tea plant is about twenty ounces. The plants live from twenty to thirty years, and when old are frequently cut down and a young shrub grafted into the old stock.

A cow can yield a far greater weight of butter than she can store up in fat. An animal might give the product of two pounds of butter in a day, while one half that quantity could not be laid on in fat, if fed for that purpose.

Transplanted vegetables require an abundant supply of water, because the transpiration by the leaves is so great in proportion to the supply as often to exhaust and destroy the plants before the roots have so far recovered their action as to supply the waste.

Some plants are enabled to vegetate without roots, on walls, rocks and trunks of trees, because the structure of their leaves is adapted for absorbing, but not exhaling fluids, and by this means vegetation is carried on independently of roots.

A small turtle is found in New England, which bears the name of the box-turtle, on account of a hinge joint before and behind, at the ends of the flat shield, which close up both ends protecting the feet and head. This is accomplished at the pleasure of the animal.

Two young men out riding were passing a farm house where a farmer was trying to harness a mule.—"Won't he draw?" said one of the horsemen. "Of course he will," said the farmer, "he draws the attention of every fool that passes this way." The young men drove on.

In Italy the young olive bears fruit at two years old, that is in two years after it has been placed in the plantation. In six years it begins to pay the expense of cultivation, if the ground is not otherwise cropped. After that period the product is the surest source of wealth to the farmer.

The settled expression of determination that mantles the face of a man who is just starting out to have a tooth pulled, is only equalled by the subdued look that creeps over his features as he pauses with his hand on the knob on the dental room door, turns quietly around, and tiptoes back through the hallway, outdoors again.

Over one hundred and twenty-five mountains in South Carolina have been measured by Professor Guyot of Princeton College. Black mountain is the highest, measuring 6,707 feet, while fifty-four are over 6,000 feet high, fifty-five between 5,000 and 6,000, and fifteen between 4,000 and 5,000 feet. The lowest is 2,500 feet high.

It might be thought that skulls from the earliest sepulchres would present the smallest capacity, and that the size of the brain case has since increased with the intellectual development of our race. But this is curiously contradicted by fact. The facts are proved to be just the reverse, and the most ancient skulls have the largest brain capacity.

It is indeed curious to note the superstitions of the Corsican shepherds touching death. The dead, they say, call the living in the night time, and he who answers will soon follow them. They believe, too, that if you listen attentively after dark you may hear at times the low beating of a drum, which announces that a soul has passed.

A youngster being required to write a composition upon some portion of the human body, selected that which unites the head with the body. "A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats his corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up. This is pretty much all I can think of about necks."

The population of England in 1801 was 10,000,000. Of the United States 4,500,000. To-day the population of England is held at 27,000,000, and that of the United States 45,000,000. A more striking example of comparative national growth it would be hard to find. Our population has increased ten-fold. That of Great Britain two-and-seven-tenths in three-fourths of a century.

The Russian peasant has made the act of spitting a fine art. He spits as a sign of astonishment; he spits as a sign of defiance; he spits to avert an evil omen; he spits for a fine day, and he spits against bad weather. It is not strange then that those enemies of everything that exists in Russia—the Nihilists—should adopt as the title of one of their newspapers:—"*I Spit at Everybody.*"

A Welsh engineer has invented an engine of warfare which consists of a cannon so arranged as to discharge a sharp sword blade crosswise in the direction of the enemy, the knife being so poised in its course through the air as to cover the whole space in a longitudinal direction described by the blade itself. An 8-inch ball would carry a sword 14 feet in length 600 yards, mowing down every obstacle in its path.

Observe a white cloud through a pair of glass with one eye and through green glass with the other eye. After some moments transfer both eyes to the red glass, opening and closing each eye alternately. The strengthening of the red color in the eye, fatigued by its complimentary green, is very striking. The explanation of the phenomenon is, of course, well known, and many modifications of the experiment will readily suggest themselves.

The culture of the grape for the purpose of making a beverage from the juice is, literally, "as old as the hills," since it dates from the era of Mount Ararat. The vine is now grown in almost every portion of the inhabitable globe, but thrives best between 32 degrees and 50 degrees of latitude, the most favorable location for a vineyard being the southern declivity of a hill. Hitherto the best wines have come from Southern Europe, Madeira, the Canaries, and the cape. In Greece, Hungary, Italy, Portugal, France, Spain and parts of Germany and Switzerland as many persons are employed in the culture of the vine as in all other agricultural pursuits.

A letter has been received at the Post Office department at Washington, from a country postmaster in Indiana, inclosing another letter received by the postmaster from an individual in Chicago. This individual proposes to buy postage stamps from the postmaster at a liberal discount, and thus increase the post-master's salary, while allowing the buyer to resell at retail or otherwise dispose of them to his own advantage.

Verbenas, Vincas, Petunias, Golden Feather, Feverfew, Gaura Lindheimeri, Nierembergia gracilis, and some other plants that come so well and easily by seeds, should be propagated in this way, as it saves a deal of trouble and care.—Sown in pots or pans of light sandy soil in early spring, and the pots placed in a hot-bed, or in the absence of that just treated as is done in raising Tomato or early Celery plants in the house, they will be seasonable auxiliaries in the summer flower garden.

The average prices of grain in Scotland have for many years been struck in a peculiar manner. The sheriff of each county, during the early part of spring, empanels a jury before whom farmers and grain dealers are examined on oath as to the quantities of grain bought or sold of the crop of the previous Autumn, and the prices of the same. These averages or "fair prices," as they are termed, regulate the amount of ministers' stipends, corn rents and the like.

Mrs. Cady Stanton remarked to some one who asked her if she thought that girls possessed the physical strength necessary for the wear and tear of a college course of study, "I would like to see you take thirteen hundred young men and lace them up, and hang ten to twenty pounds' weight of clothes on their waists, perch them up on three-inch heels, cover their heads with ripples, chignons, rats and mice, and stick ten thousand hairpins into their scalps: if they can stand all this they can stand a little Latin and Greek."

A singular description of library exists at Warsenstein, near Cassel; the books composing it, or rather the substitutes for them, are made of wood, and every one of them is a specimen of some different tree. The back is formed of its bark, and the sides are constructed of polished pieces of the same stock. When put together the whole forms a box, and inside of it are stored the fruit, seeds and leaves, together with the moss which grows on the trunk, and the insects which feed upon the tree; every volume corresponds in size, and the collection altogether has an excellent effect.

Here is a story which comes from the Midlands. In the little town in which the scene is laid, the "squire's lady" in the handsome old manor house, interests herself greatly in the Sunday schools, and is rather proud of her scholars. A Sunday or two ago she took some friends with her in the afternoon to give them an insight into her "method." She choose as her "lesson" the story of Ananias and Sapphira. The children showed great intelligence in answering the questions put to them, and finally their teacher—the lady herself—asked them why God did not strike everybody dead who tells a lie? This seemed rather a poser, but suddenly a very sharp child exclaimed, "because there wouldn't be anybody left."

A well-dressed negro applied to the Judge of Probate of Mobile for a marriage license. He was asked how old his intended was, and answered, with great animation, "Just sixteen, judge—sweet sixteen, an' de handsomest girl in town." The Judge said he could not do it, as the law forbade him to issue a license to any one under eighteen. "Well, hold on, judge," exclaimed the man. "I know dat dem girls am deceitful and lie about deir age. She is nineteen if a day." "Will you swear to it?" asked the Judge. "Yes, sar," he replied, and did. "And how old are you?" said the judge. The chap looked suspicious and replied, cautiously: "Thirty-five," and added, "If dat won't do, judge, I've got more back."

The evils of "overcrowding" are beginning to attract general attention in England, and it has been found that in Hanover square, London, twenty-five houses contain 450 persons, or several times as many as a moderate regard for health would allow. In one district of the parish of St. Giles there were 570 families, none of whom occupied more than a single room. This was the case throughout a dozen districts. In one room, 12x18 feet, and 7 feet 6 inches high, eight persons were packed; in another, only 6½ feet high, a man his wife, and five children were crowded. The worst features of the overcrowding is the occupation of the same bed by two sets of people during the same night. Certain classes attending the theatres every night—ballet dancers, supes, and the mob which is attached to a pantomime—let their beds to market people, who are just ready to get up and go to work when the theatrical folks come home.

As time goes on the languages spoken in the world will steadily grow fewer. Three hundred years ago Cornish was begining to disappear as a spoken language, and a similar fate is now being experienced by the Breton, in many respects a kindred dialect. A Breton sailor told a traveler that three generations of his family were alive—his father, who only spoke Breton; himself who spoke French and Breton, and his son, who only spoke French. So in Ireland every year the number of those speaking Irish decreases. Twelve years ago a tourist in Kerry met a well-dressed young man of the farmer class on a country road, of whom he asked some questions, which were answered very politely, but very little to the point. At length he said, "Truth is, sir, I can speak very little English." Asking some well-to-do peasant woman in Clare for some milk, they made signs for him to wait, and called a man, who interpreted. The rising generation, however, nearly all speak English except some on the wild Atlantic washed islands. In the Isle of Man it is as described in Breton. The Welsh, however, stick to their vernacular, and when you get into a rural district in a county not contiguous to the English border, you might almost as well be in Russia. A famous English Judge, who on one occasion observed, "There is a degree of cunning and duplicity revealed in the conduct of this case such as is, I regret to say, not uncommon in the principality," used to aver that the Welsh stuck to their vernacular in great measure to defeat the ends of justice.

There is nothing more true than Richter's remark, that children are really educated by the spirit of the age and the community in which they live. This occult force called the "spirit of the age," provides the child with all its effective inspirations. Schools only train that which is in the child—they create nothing. Children absorb the spirit of the age, as sponges do water. The school, in time, if wisely managed, renders material assistance in working a change in the spirit of an age, and they are therefore to be retained and perfected. But if parents wish to know how their children are being "educated," let them find out what the spirit of the age is. If it is wrong, let them assist in its correction. The human family is mysteriously united, and each one suffers from the errors of all the rest. The personal interest of each one requires a constant effort on his part to educate and elevate, not only himself, but everybody else. It is in this way only that a perfect education can be given to the young. The responsibility for infantile precocity must be distributed among the masses who create the spirit of the age.

LINES OF TRAVEL.

SMETHPORT OMNIBUS LINE.

To and from all regular Trains.

Omnibus, until further notice, will leave the Bennett House and Wright House as follows:

8:00 and 11:40am
1:50 and 8:30 p.m

All orders left at the post office or either of the above hotels will receive prompt attention.

F. VICKERY, Proprietor.

McKEAN & BUFFALO RAILROAD
Time table went into effect Monday, July 10, 1876, at 5.35 o'clock a.m.

SOUTHWARD.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	LOCAL.	ACCOM.
Larrabee, L've	11.35 a.m	4.20 a.m	
Frisbee	11.40 "	4.30 "	
Coryl	11.42 "	4.40 "	
Farmers Valley	11.51 "	4.50 "	
Smethport	12.10 "	5.05 "	
Crosby	12.14 P.M.	5.20 "	
Colegrove	12.18 "	5.25 "	
Hamlin	12.22 P.M.	5.30 "	
Westway	12.40 "	6.50 "	
Clermont Arr	1.00 "	7.05 "	

NORTHWARD.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	LOCAL.	ACCOM
Clermont, Lve		7.25 a.m	
Westway	"	7.35 "	
Hamlin	"	7.45 "	
Colegrove		8.00 "	
Crosby	2.00 "	8.06 "	
Smethport	2.16 "	8.30 "	
Farmers Valley	2.29 "	8.42 "	
Cory's	2.38 "	8.51 "	
Frisbee	2.40 "	8.05 "	
Larrabee, Arr	2.50 "	9.05 "	

Trains will not stop at stations marked with a star (*). Trains will stop at stations marked thus (†) when flagged.

S. V. GODDEN, *Superintendent*

KENDALL & ELDRED R. R.

Time table adopted Aug. 14, 1878.

EASTWARD.

Stations.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	a.m
Eldred, Arr	3 10	5 45	2 40	9 05
Windfall	3 55	5 43	2 29	8 55
Prentice Vale	3 45	5 31	2 19	8 45
Duke Centre	3 31	5 20	2 11	8 35
Elmira	3 20	5 20	2 00	8 25
Summit City	12 46	4 55	1 40	8 03
Little Boyd	12 30	4 45	1 30	7 52
Italian City	12 22	4 36	1 25	7 47
Beaver City	12 08	4 25	1 15	7 35
Lafferty	11 59	4 16	1 03	7 26
Tarport	11 45	4 08	12 54	7 13
Bradford, Lv	11 25	4 00	12 45	7 15

WESTWARD.

Stations.	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.	a.m
Bradford, Arr	8 47	1 33	5 19	10 15
Tarport	9 49	1 37	5 05	10 00
Lafferty	8 36	1 20	4 55	9 50
Beaver City	8 28	1 13	4 48	9 47
Italian City	8 18	1 01	4 38	9 22
Little Boyd	8 12	12 56	4 31	9 15
Summit City	8 03	12 46	4 21	9 00
Elmira	7 51	12 18	3 56	8 30
Duke Centre	7 30	12 14	3 49	8 12
Prentice Vale	7 20	12 03	3 40	8 00
Windfall	7 14	11 58	3 33	7 45
Eldred, Lv	7 00	11 05	3 25	7 35

J. D. YEOMANS, Gen'l Supt.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK & PHILA. RY.

December 22, 1878.

TRAINS RUN ON BUFFALO TIME.

NO TRAINS ON SUNDAY.

SOUTHWARD.

Leave Buffalo 8:00 a. m.—Mail.—Arriving at Ebenezer, 8.16; Springbrook, 8.30; Elma, 8.39; Jamesville, 8.55; Aurora, 9.03; Wales, 9.25; Holland, 9.41; Protection, 9.50; Arcade, 9.58; Yorkshire, 9.53; Machias, 9.42; Franklinville, 9.36; Ischua, 10.14; Hinsdale, 10.37; Erie R'y Junct., 10.41, Olean, 10.48; Weston's, 10.52; Portville, 11.03; Scale Line, 11.11; Eldred, 11.24; Larrabees, 11.32; Sartwell, 11.38; Turtle Point, 11.43; Fort Allegany, 11.55; Liberty, 12.13; Keating, 12.20; Shippen, 12.27; P. M. Emporium, 12.50; connecting at Olean with Erie Railway East and West; and with Olean, Bradford & Warren R. R. for the New Oil Territory, arrives at Bradford at 12.15; p.m. at Larrabees with McKean & Buffalo R. R.; at Emporium with Philadelphia & Erie R. R.

Leave Buffalo 4.10 p. m.—Fort Allegany Express.—Arriving at Ebenezer, 4.27; Springbrook, 4.37; Elma, 4.49; Jamison's, 4.59; Aurora, 5.05; Holland, 5.17; Protection, 5.27; Armada, 5.31; Yorkshire, 5.37; Machias, 5.42; Franklinville, 5.36; Ischua, 10.14; Hinsdale, 10.37; Erie R'y Junct., 10.41, Olean, 10.48; Weston's, 10.52; Portville, 11.03; Scale Line, 11.11; Eldred, 11.24; Larrabees, 11.32; Sartwell, 11.38; Turtle Point, 11.43; Fort Allegany, 11.55; Liberty, 12.13; Keating, 12.20; Shippen, 12.27; P. M. Emporium, 12.50; connecting at Olean with Erie Railway East and West; and with Olean, Bradford & Warren R. R. for the New Oil Territory, arrives at Bradford at 12.15; p.m. at Larrabees with McKean & Buffalo R. R.; at Emporium with Philadelphia & Erie R. R.

Leave Emporium 1.25 p. m.—Mail.—Arriving at Shippen, 1.41; Keating, 1.50; Liberty, 2.05; Fort Allegany, 2.18; Turtle Point, 2.31; Sartwell, 2.40; Larrabees, 2.48; Eldred, 3.02; Scale Line, 3.11; Portville, 3.20; Weston's, 3.30; Olean, 3.44; Erie R'y Junct., 3.49; Hinsdale, 4.03; Ischua, 4.14; Franklinville, 4.37; Machias, 4.55; Yorkshire, 5.01; Arcade, 5.12; Protection, 5.37; Holland, 5.39; Wales, 5.53; Aurora, 6.02; Jamison's, 6.16; Elma, 6.25; Springbrook, 6.36; Ebenezer, 6.53; Buffalo, 6.50 p.m. P. & E. R. R. train from the East and South makes direct connection at Emporium with the above train, as do also the McKean & Buffalo R.R. train at Larrabees, the Erie Railway trains from the East and West at Olean, Bradford & Warren train leaving Bradford at 8.00 p.m.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division

WINTER TIME TABLE.

On and after Sunday, NOV. 10th, 1878, the Trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia ..... 11.40 p. m
" " " Wayne ..... 4.05 a. m
" " " Irvineton ..... 6.10 p. m
" " " Corry ..... 8.10 p. m
" " arr. at Erie ..... 10.00 p. m
ERIE ACCOM leaves Sheffield ..... 7.10 a. m
" " " Warren ..... 7.45 a. m
" " " Irvineton ..... 9.20 a. m
" " " Corry ..... 9.55 a. m
" " arr. at Erie ..... 10.00 a. m

EASTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves Erie ..... 11.30 A. M
" " " Corry ..... 1.30 p. m
" " " Irvineton ..... 3.05 p. m
" " " Warren ..... 3.35 p. m
" " arr. at Philadelphia ..... 7.10 a. m
SHEFFIELD ACCOM. leaves Erie ..... 4.10 p. m
" " " Corry ..... 6.10 p. m
" " " Irvineton ..... 7.10 p. m
" " " Warren ..... 7.35 p. m
" " arr. at Sheffield ..... 8.00 p. m

Mail East connects east and west at Erie with L. S. & M. S. R. W., and at Corry with P. T. & F. W.

Mail West with east and west trains at Erie with L. S. & M. S. R. W., and at Corry with U. C. & A. & G. W. Railway.

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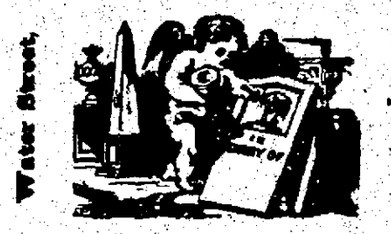

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